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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE persecution of a trade which is a perfectly legal one, and one which has rendered great service to the State, has no attraction for us. The licensed trade, carried on for the most part by men who are as honourable as are men who are occupied in any other calling, in our opinion should not be singled out for vindictive treatment. We rejoiced when the House of Lords threw out the Licensing Act of two years ago, and we regret that by a side-wind and a tortuous course much the same provisions were brought about when the Finance Act was unfortunately passed by the Upper House last year. Elsewhere we deal with the curtailment of liberty which is the outcome of unwise leadership of an inexperienced democracy. In the case of the licensed trade, we fear that the expression which fitly describes the situation is wanton oppression. Other classes are subjected to harassment, and wholly indefensible inquisition into everything concerning their private affairs. This is an impertinence on the part of those who are temporarily in the position to play the tyrant, but for sheer, downright cruelty there is no precedent for the treatment of the licensed trade. Unless the licensed trader happens to reside in Ireland, he is called upon, under a penalty of £20, to fill in within thirty days a form which no man who is not an expert valuer on the one hand, and an expert liar on the other, can possibly fill in. As part of the consideration for allowing a Budget which they detested to pass, the Irish members have succeeded in securing the withdrawal of Form LL. 1 from operation in Ireland. Were the form a just and defensible one, why should it not be required to be filled in in Ireland as well as in Great Britain?

We do not wish to beat about the bush. There are two kinds of bribery. One is in cash, the other is in kind. Ireland has received a consideration in kind. We do not object to the exemption of Irish traders from the necessity of filling in an iniquitous form—until after the General Election—but we claim the same exemption for British traders, and we hope that the King's writ for the recovery of the twenty pounds penalty for default is not intended to run in one portion of the United Kingdom only. The form itself is an outrage on common sense as well as on elementary justice. Many of the particulars cannot be within the knowledge of the declarant, who is subjected to a penalty if he makes a false statement. Penalties in these days are plentiful—

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa."

A few-leaved pamphlet will soon suffice to set forth individual actions which are not penalised. A monstrous tome will be required to record the actions which a benevolent legislature visits with punishment. A publican, under Form LL. 1, is called on to make a retrospective return, not only of sales which it has been his duty during those years to keep note of for the information of the licensing justices, but also of "other goods." We think another conference of inexperts at the Treasury will have to be called to unravel the meaning of this cryptic phrase. In any case the heading is nonsense, and cannot possibly be complied with. Then follows a delightful touch of irony. "This space may be used for any observations the declarant may wish to make." We regret that we are not licensed traders. The remarks we should make in that vacant space would scintillate. After a thoroughly exhausting inventory of inquiries, including such absurdities as a return of the expense of "Keep of Staff" during the years 1907-1910, a pleasant note occurs, to the effect that "a detailed statement, showing how the gross and net profits have been arrived at, must be furnished, and may be set forth on a separate sheet." We have said enough to show that what is asked of the publican would be an outrage on a free man if the form could be filled in, and as it cannot be filled in, its authors have covered themselves with ridicule and obloquy.

After a debate of unparalleled acerbity in the Chambre des Députés on the recent strikes and the steps taken by the Government to end them, the latter gained a complete victory on Sunday last. M. Briand stuck to his guns with the utmost courage. He maintained that the strike was never a genuine labour movement seeking redress for genuine wrongs, but a conspiracy on the part of the advanced Socialists and Labour Leaders to attack the Government and to upset all the forces of law and order. In the course of his speech M. Briand roused the fury of the Socialists to white heat by declaring that if the laws had not proved adequate to check the disorders the Government was prepared to go outside the laws even at the risk of acting illegally. For a hour following this significant declaration the uproar was so great that speaking was impossible, and when the Prime Minister left the tribune he had to be protected by his friends from personal assault. The result is a great personal triumph for M. Briand, but for whose firmness Paris to-day might be in the hands of anarchists and hooligans. We are told by those on the spot that never since the time of the Commune has such grave danger threatened the capital. The whole population, aroused by the strike on the railroads and by that of the electricians, was seething with discontent and ready to rebel against all constituted authority. Any sign of weakness on the part of the Government would have led not only to a general strike amongst all the workers, but to a regular rebellion and to the sacking of the rich quarters of Paris. But what is the cause of this sudden outbreak against the Republic? If the people are not satisfied with a Republic, which is in theory the most democratic form of government that exists, and with a ministry which is presided over by an ex-Socialist, there is no security whatever for individuals or for property in the future. But when one tries to analyse the motives of a French mob one immediately gets into deep water. Cæsar found the Gauls a nervous race liable to the sudden ebullitions of passion at the most unexpected moments, and the modern Frenchman differs but little from his early ancestors. We hope that the troubles are over for a long time to come, but memory dies hard, and such scenes as have just been witnessed do little towards adding to the value of the "Entente" in the event of war with Germany. Mean-

while, M. Briand's cabinet is to be reconstructed without M. Viviani, the Minister of Labour, who has resigned.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Church in Wales, presided over by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, has just issued its report. The Commission seems to have had a very stormy passage, owing to the widely divergent views of the members of the Church of England, of whom the active spokesman was Lord Hugh Cecil, and the Nonconformists, of whom Sir John Williams was the chief. The result is that there are no less than four reports contradicting one another, not only in general conclusions arrived at, but also on questions of fact. However, several salient facts can be gleaned from the mass of statistics which has been collected by the rival collaborators. The Church of England is still the largest single denomination in Wales, its communicants numbering 193,081, and there has been a large increase in recent years, but this figure has to be compared with 550,566 members of the various Nonconformist denominations and with 64,000 Roman Catholics. Thus the Church of England communicants number 23.7 per cent. of the whole. The churches in Wales also very much exceed the number necessary for the population, for if all the people of the country over three years of age were to go to church at a given time on a Sunday there would still be room for 100,000 more. On the question of disendowment and disestablishment the Commission pronounces no opinion, considering that outside the scope of its enquiry. It has succeeded in giving a vast amount of new ammunition to the rival controversialists, and with these figures at their command the battle will rage with increased fury in the future.

Whatever may be thought from an artistic point of view of the new St. Paul's Cross which Dr. Ingram unveiled on Monday last, it is undoubtedly wise and even necessary to keep in mind by such memorials the historic past. At this spot, when London was in size little more than a large village, notable events in the city's progress were celebrated, and the Bishop of London, in his speech, made interesting references to the various occurrences of mediæval times which were focussed here. "As the history of our country went this way and that for many centuries, it centred round Paul's Cross. Here at the Reformation the authority of the Popes was denounced; Luther's Bible was burned here; Latimer thundered against the vices of London; here a woman of high position did penance in a white sheet for her offences, and a great man was publicly excommunicated for his sins." We have passed beyond the period of civilisation when these things are exploited in full view of the populace—the days when a hanging was a spectacle for the crowd; but as we glance at the new Cross of St. Paul's we may remember with benefit these preliminary stages in the evolution of the city and its customs.

The Cross certainly is "new" in more senses than one; it contrasts rather painfully with the sombre, stately dome towering above it. Our taste in the matter of public monuments is a by-word among the more sprightly southern nations; they regard us as lacking in artistry, in the sense of proportion, in that subtle quality of discrimination which they pride themselves upon possessing in an exceptional degree. Nations, however, have to work out their own salvation in artistic matters as in other affairs, and if in our achitecture and memorials we are not particularly inspired, it is permissible to hold the opinion that we have passed the deliberately ugly stage and are devoting attention to the attributes of elegance and beauty as well as to the necessary one of permanence. The new Cross bears witness to this fact; it suffers by its proximity to the great Cathedral which we love so well, but that cannot be termed a fault, and some such result was perhaps inevitable under the circumstances.

DARKENING DAYS

You who were friend to me
  In the brave summer hours,
Will you my comrade be
  When fragrant summer flowers are dead?

Blossoms you plucked of song,
  Love strayed within our call;
Never a day seemed long—
  How when those petals all are shed?

Red leaves, and wind in the lane
  Down by the twilit shore;
Love may not come again—
  Is it good-bye, O more than friend?

Red skies, and phantom stars
  That kiss the pale, cold moon;
Fling wide the prison-bars—
  Hope her sweet strength too soon will spend.

When on the coasts of Night
  We, without Love, shall stand,
Shall we regret his flight
  Into that sunless land alone?

Let us keep faith with him—
  There is no need for tears—
Till all life's fires grow dim,
  And the last, splendid years have gone!

W. L. R.

EXIT LIBERTY

THE most remarkable feature of the domestic situation of to-day is the obvious movement of one large body in the State in the direction of the curtailment of liberty. The movement presents a strange phase of evolution. The struggles of the Liberal party from 1832 to the present day have been largely identified with broadening the area of representation. A main argument in favour of that policy has been that it would tend to liberty. Liberty, it was argued, could not be said to be really existent, when the aspirations and the interests of large masses of the population were unrepresented amongst those who were responsible for legislation. A reply to this argument was that an extension of the franchise to large numbers who were little fitted to be entrusted with it, would lead, not to liberty, but to its negation.

Burke defined his view of liberty in a speech which he delivered at Bristol in 1774—"Liberty—the only liberty I mean, is a liberty connected with order; that only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them."

That view of the liberty which would arise out of the extended power of the masses of the people was often echoed in the early days of the debates on the representation of the people. It was argued that the wisdom and patriotism of newly enfranchised electors would limit their desire for liberty within the bounds of a definition such as Burke's. Those who ventured to whisper "Civium ardor prava jubentium" were airily waved aside, or accused of unreasoning mistrust of the people. It was not seen as clearly in those days as it is now that the fundamental necessity when the franchise was broadened would be leaders above suspicion, leaders who would not prostitute their firm convictions, their patriotic creeds to gratify ambition. It is obvious therefore that the experiment of entrusting masses who had not the tradition or instinct of government, who would require to be educated, and honestly educated, to a new and responsible position, needed an indispensable factor. That factor was, and is, blameless leaders.

Any man who has occupied with success a leading position knows the influence which he has wielded for

good or ill. It is astonishing to observe how few men possess the capacity of leadership, and any man who recognises that he has, for reasons which he probably finds difficult to explain, such a gift, should regard it as almost a sacred, although doubtless a laborious, endowment.

We quit general reflections with some regret, and turn to the incidents of the moment, which are far less agreeable.

We observe at the present day several tendencies which are ominous, but we observe a single one which commends itself to our sincere commendation. We refer to the Conference at present sitting, at which the most eminent statesmen of the day are acting together to endeavour to compose the difficulties of the State. We may not be sanguine as to the successful issue of their deliberations on the particular issue under their consideration, but the principle is good. How great is the relief when it is felt that matters of high moment cease to be dealt with after the manner of the cheap-jack at the Saturday evening market. "Trust in the people"! How can trust be reposed in them, when their leaders descend to such methods? Is the mission to lead or to mislead?

It may be said that we are preaching late in the day—possibly too late; that the virus of scurrility patronised and disseminated by leading men has infected the popular mind. We trust not. In some parts of the country the poison has as yet been innocuous. In others, where it is active, let responsible men, even if they incur the loss of a little temporary popularity, deal honestly with the people, and act with dignity becoming the positions which their abilities have won for them.

We are loth in an article of this kind to descend to enumerate the many instances which occur to us in which what is called access of liberty, under unworthy guidance, has led to results which have been disastrous, and which in the future, if continued, will lead to ruin. Like Falkland, we shall be accused of crying "Peace" where there is no peace. Falkland at least was a people's man, and the people suffered more calamities than any other class because the cry from his heart was unheeded.

Our quarrel is not with the people; it is with those who if they knew the dignity of their positions as leaders would scorn to associate themselves for a moment with schemes or speech which they know foreshadow national dissolution.

THE NEED FOR PATIENCE

One result which has arisen from the Conference bridling the tongues of the official leaders of the Unionist Party has been to develop a vast mushroom growth of unofficial leaders who, in the press and on the platform, set forth policies of their own, which they offer as certain solutions of the present crisis. Apparently the spokesman of this band of malcontents—or perhaps it would be fairer to call them impatient politicians—is Mr. J. L. Garvin, the clever, but somewhat wordy, editor of the *Observer*. We do not wish to say a word against Mr. Garvin. He is a type of man too rarely met with in these disillusioned days. He is a fanatic who almost believes in the divine nature of his mission on earth, but, happily for the peace of the country, he is a patriotic fanatic. His imagination is of the most brilliant order, and every Sunday morning for months past, in the *Observer*, he has given it full play in four columns of large type with innumerable black headings, apt quotations and cunningly calculated Biblical illustrations. His articles have attracted considerable attention, and, encouraged by his initial success, he now regards himself as a prophet—at present crying in the Wilderness—sent to prepare the way for a peaceful, equitable, and universal settlement of all the vexed questions which have been exercising the keenest intellects of both parties during the last two years. He believes, and we have no reason to doubt his sincerity, that this country and the empire as a whole are on the verge of some dreadful cataclysm, and unless steps are immediately taken to avert the crisis, our Constitution will be swept away, our settled institutions uprooted, and the total collapse of "our great imperial edifice" will come some time next year.

Mr. Garvin feels this disaster all the more because it is the year of George V.'s Coronation, and he longs to arrive at some settlement before that historic pageant. His panic has carried him so far that he is willing to throw over almost all the most cherished traditions and policies of the Unionist Party in order to preserve the country from the still greater catastrophe which threatens it. He professes to have inside information with regard to what has taken place behind the four walls which hide the doings of the mystic eight. He announces that it will be impossible for them to arrive at any settlement of the Constitutional question and the Veto of the House of Lords unless the scope of the Conference is enlarged and Mr. Redmond is admitted into the secret conclave. He believes the crux of the matter is the question of Home Rule for Ireland, and until this is settled there can be no safety for the Empire or future scope of utility for the Unionist Party. Therefore, he is prepared to make a deal over Ireland in order to secure the support of the Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons, and thus break up the Liberal-Labour-Socialist majority which at present governs England. Home Rule and the Veto of the House of Lords are to be exchanged for Tariff Reform and a strong navy. It is somewhat of an anomaly that at the same time, being very much under the thumb of Lord Fisher, he goes tooth and nail for Lord Charles Beresford because, in an open letter to Mr. Asquith, he ventured to point out how we have lost our command of the sea. But Home Rule for Ireland is rather too bitter a pill to ask the Unionist Party to swallow, and therefore it is to be coated with a sweet outer name to disguise the taste. We are to hear no more of Home Rule; instead, we are to have Imperial Federation, and, still further to disguise the pungent draught, it is to be given, not only to Ireland, but also to Scotland and Wales. Each is to have its own Parliament dealing ostensibly with its local affairs. The Imperial Parliament is to be preserved for delegates of the entire Empire, and is to exercise a final veto over all legislation passed by the Federal Assemblies. We are not told what England is to get out of this vast bestowal of self-government; whether this country is to have a separate Parliament for local affairs, or whether we are to conduct our business at odd moments in the Imperial Parliament when its time is not being taken up in settling disputes in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, or dealing with questions affecting the Empire as a whole. This is a small matter of detail to be settled at some later date.

We sincerely hope that the leaders of the Unionist Party, the moment their bridles are removed, will lose no time in making clear to their followers throughout the country that these wild schemes have been put forward without their sanction, and will receive no measure of official support. The manifest absurdity of the whole plan must be clear to anyone who takes the trouble to sit down and think clearly for a few moments. In the first place, it means the entire defranchisement of every Unionist or Conservative in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, who can never hope to obtain a majority in any of these Federal Assemblies, and likewise will not be able to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament. Anyone who has taken the trouble to examine the history of the United States will realise the immense evils which have sprung from a number of practically independent State Parliaments, each making its own laws and only recognising a nominal control from Washington. It is instructive that at the very moment our self-constituted embryo leaders are advocating this most disastrous form of decentralisation Mr. Roosevelt, the most progressive of statesmen, is advocating as the main plank in his political platform the strengthening of the Central authority of Congress. He is being vigorously opposed by all the vested interests throughout the United States for the simple reason that

the "Bosses" and Trust magnates have had little difficulty in the past in corrupting the State Legislatures and securing the passage of measures beneficial to their own particular interests. Also, there has been absolutely no demand for federalism from either Scotland or Wales, and it is extremely doubtful whether the Liberals of either of these countries would regard with favour the gift which some of the impatient spirits of the Conservative Party propose to confer on them. Mr. Redmond fully realising the weakness of his position, grasps at the scheme as the last straw of a discredited leader, but to save his face with his own followers he has shortly to add the proviso that Ireland must be served with the new dish first, and cannot wait for Scotland and Wales to make up their minds. The merest tyro can see through the shallowness of Mr. Redmond's promises. He declares that if the boom is granted Ireland will leave the framing of tariffs to the Imperial Parliament, and will pay her share in any scheme of national defence; but it is perfectly certain that once Ireland gets a Parliament of her own the ambitions of her statesmen will not rest content with the handling of local affairs. Loyal Ulster is greatly exercised over these proposals, and demands a separate Parliament of her own. Then, again, if there is to be Imperial Federation all round, where is it going to stop? Yorkshire is almost as large as Wales, and if geographical boundaries are to settle the right to local parliaments, why should not Yorkshire demand one of her own, or any other county for that matter? The interests of various counties in the North and South of England are just as divergent as those of England and Ireland, or Scotland and Wales.

We have no space here to go into the difficulties which would arise from delicate financial adjustments, but they would be so endless that the disputes which must arise in the future would be even more vehement than those which Home Rule has caused in the past. The whole scheme is not only impracticable to a degree, but, furthermore, there has been no demand for it, and we do not believe that the majority of the Conservative electorate will consider it for one moment. What the advocates of these wild schemes will not realise is the salient and indisputable fact that it is the Liberal party, and not the Conservative party, which is beset with difficulties. No doubt it is pleasant to belong to the majority in party politics and to enjoy the fruits of office, but these will all come in time to him who waits. The Unionist party remained in power for nearly twenty years, with one brief break, which sent them back to office like giants refreshed. The present cycle of misgovernment must also run its appointed course before the Conservative party again comes into power. Although it seems a long time to the victims, the present administration has only been in power for a little over four years, and, considering their majority in 1906 was the largest ever known, and that since that time they have thrown over every sound principle of finance in order to catch votes, and were able to carry through, on totally unsound lines, the colossal bribe of Old Age Pensions, it cannot be said that the Conservative party has done badly when, less than a year ago, it won back over one hundred seats, thus entirely crippling the administration, rendering its unwieldy numbers and automatic majority innocuous, and making it entirely dependent on the Nationalists and Socialists. The only live issue to-day on which the election of 1910 turned is Tariff Reform. The cry against the House of Lords is as dead as the dodo, and it will be impossible to galvanise it into life, even if the Conference does fail to arrive at any satisfactory compromise. As a set off against this—in spite of a considerable trade revival—Tariff Reform is making steady progress. This fact will be borne witness to by all who have recently addressed the electorate on the subject. The people are becoming so well educated on the question that even experts have difficulty in teaching them anything new, and once a great measure of reform has percolated through the minds of the people, has been assimilated by them, has been weighed in the balance, has survived the prejudices and bogeys of fifty years, and has not been found wanting, it is only a question of time before it becomes a *fait accompli* on the Statute Book.

An election next January would do neither side much good. The Unionists would probably win a few seats, but it would be worse than useless if they failed to secure a good working majority. We should lose all our tactical advantage of occupying the offensive, and should at once be on the defensive. We have only to sit tight, to stand by our old battle cries, and watch the gradual disintegration of the mighty host which, flushed with victory, promised a universal millennium in 1906, but which even by unparalleled dishonesty and colossal bribes, succeeded in losing 100 seats in 1910. Look at the rocks which surround the onward course of the Liberal-Nationalist-Socialist barque. Even if all were united and acknowledged a single helmsman to steer them through their difficulties, it is doubtful if they could weather the storm; but with a crew mutinous, and pulling different ways, and with three leaders, all wishing to choose their own passage through the shoals, they will as certainly come to grief as the sun will rise every succeeding twenty-four hours. Some are calling for the abolition of the House of Lords, others for its reform. Some for Home Rule, others for Federation. Some for a reversal of the Osborne judgment, others for payment of members. Some for a strong navy, others for disarmament; whilst the land clauses of the Budget, which were to be the keystone for a vast edifice of social reform, have not only turned out a complete failure but are causing universal discontent and mistrust amongst all parties. The duty of the Unionist party is to present a united front to the common enemy, and to watch for its opportunity to deliver the final blow to the unwieldy host, which in due season will be scattered like chaff to the four winds of heaven. But if it dabbles with wild, futile, fatuous schemes, which it has opposed for the last thirty years, and wastes its strength in internecine dissensions, then the future is dark indeed, and the Liberal-Socialist-Nationalist host is likely to remain in power for a generation at least.

THE SPRINGS OF ROMANCE*

In the attempt to define romance, to determine even approximately the times and places of its origins, we are at once confronted with unusual difficulties arising from the elusive nature of our subject. If we ask, "What is romance?" there may be a hundred fluent answers, but not one which shall satisfy the heart as well as the intellect; we might as well try to remove the shining veil of autumn gossamer from the meadow to the study, expecting to preserve its beautiful tints, its silvery sheen, its delicate, exquisite motion in the breeze. Therefore, when we find so classical a scholar as Mr. George Wyndham addressing as Rector the students of the University of Edinburgh, as he did on October 28, upon "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe," we are perfectly certain that he will minister well and truly to the stern and uncompromising demands of our intellects; but we allow ourselves to entertain a doubt as to his power to stave off that vague, inquiring hunger of the soul, which refuses definitions and feels that "the things which are not seen are eternal."

With fine literary skill the speaker traces the history of romance from the earliest times down to that movement of the last century, that wonderful Romantic Revival "which changed the literature, architecture, painting, and furniture of Europe, and reversed the attitude of scholarship towards the Middle Ages." He admits the difficulty of any clear analysis or definition with regard to so subtle a theme. "When dealing with the dimly apprehended we must discover before we can define," he remarks, and the trend of his discourse lay naturally in that direction. We may quote a brief passage in illustration.

* "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe." An Address delivered to the Students of Edinburgh University, October, 1910. By the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P. (Macmillan & Co. 1s. net.)

> If you can establish When and Where a thing happened you may be able to guess Why it happened, and, even, What it was. . . . You can look for the advent of Romance either in literature that remains and can be studied; or else, in the theories of learned men who infer the pre-existence of earlier literature, that has certainly perished, and may never have been written.

"The Development of Science" and the section devoted to the Arthurian Legends form the most interesting and suggestive portions of the lecture. Queen Eleanor, granddaughter of William of Poitou—who was himself the earliest Troubadour—seems to have mothered a good deal of the romance of the later years. Thanks to her, St. George became patron of the realm of England, for her grandfather used the saint's name as a battle-cry before the walls of Jerusalem. "She brought to Great Britain, with signal results in literature, the artists who were to fashion the romantic material of many voyages into the great romances of Europe"; King Henry, too, "loved reading only less than hunting," spoke many languages, and was another potent factor in the beginnings of the revival. Through other sources Mr. Wyndham finds inspiration for his historically minded muse, and we heartily admire both his method and his matter; but in the end he is compelled to confess that it is well-nigh impossible to arrive at a solution of the problem of romance by logic or argument. All faiths have an element of mystery, hold some degree of the assumption shadowed forth in those immortal words, "Whom, having not seen, we love." Romance in the making is very tame and ordinary, as the lecturer acutely perceived when he observed that "mythologies begin to be romantic when they become strange by reason of their antiquity or alien character." Even lovers, unless they be ultra-sentimental, do not feel particularly "romantic." Aucassin and Nicolette were probably far too occupied with their escapades to see that they were providing themselves with future fame. Finally, we are all more or less engaged in the most splendid romance of all—the poem of "Man's adventure through the Universe." In that quest, "we take our part with brave astonishment," and know in our heart of hearts, with Wordsworth, that "our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence."

REVIEWS

NEW POETRY

Ballads and Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Hours of Fiametta. By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Alarums and Excursions. By ARTHUR SCOTT CRAVEN. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Revolt of Woman, and Other Poems. By VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS. (Locke Ellis. 1s. net.)

NINETY years ago, good Doctor Hugh Blair set forth in his "Lectures" some ideas on lyric poetry which might well be taken to heart by many ambitious versifiers of the present day. "In every composition," said he, "there ought to be a subject; there ought to be parts which make up a whole; there should be a connection of those parts with one another. The transitions from thought to thought may be light and delicate, such as are prompted by a lively fancy; but still they should be such as preserve the connection of ideas and show the author to be one who thinks, and not one who raves." The four writers whose volumes are before us at the present moment all fulfil these demands with greater or less success, and have all made a name for good work. To Mr. John Masefield, remembering "Nan" and other fine conceptions, we turn in especial anticipation of the real stuff of poetry, and we are not disappointed.

Of the miscellaneous poems which he has here collected not one is poor; some are exquisitely beautiful. He is a standing example to the minor poets, from whose ranks he has long ago risen, in that he always has a central idea, and always abhors mere prettiness; even in his descriptive verse the last stanza generally comes with a ring as of hammer-stroke on fine metal, finishing the shape of the perfect song. He tempts us to quote on every page. His sea pieces are full of the rhythmic motion of the sea itself. Take for an example of irresistibly swinging lines the "Old Song Re-sung," on page 23, which should be read aloud:—

> I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
> With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
> And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
> Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
> The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

By anyone with the slightest sense of melody this haunting little poem cannot be read wrongly—it sings itself; and note the internal rhyme in the last line—a pretty artifice which obtains also in each remaining stanza. A thrill of a different kind comes in "Spanish Waters," where the old sailor, after remembering the bygone days of adventure, laments for them:—

> It's not the way to end it all. I'm old, and nearly blind,
> And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his mind.
> And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach, the sun's disc dipping red,
> And the tall ship, under topsails, swaying in past Nigger Head.
>
> I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad to take a pick and go
> To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in the place no others know,
> And lift the gold and silver that has mouldered there for years
> By the loud surf of Los Muertos which is beating in my ears.

Mr. Masefield's love poems are no less fine in their way. The opening verses of "Her Heart" have a distinctly Elizabethan sound:—

> Her heart is always doing lovely things,
> Filling my wintry mind with simple flowers,
> Playing sweet tunes on my untuned strings,
> Delighting all my undelightful hours.

Two poems in the book remind us very much of Mr. Kipling at his best—"Port of Holy Peter," a grim and grisly rhyme, and "Cargoes." We venture to say that nobody but Mr. Kipling and Mr. Masefield could bring the words "cheap tin trays" into a really powerful poem without rendering the effect ludicrous. How it is done, we leave our readers to discover. With the last stanza of "Beauty" we must close our quotations from this delightful little volume:—

> I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
> And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
> But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me
> Are her voice, and her hair and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

All who value exceptionally good work, work that has about it no taint of the study or of forced enthusiasm, will be well advised to buy this volume and keep it upon the shelf reserved for favourite and companionable books.

We trust that Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor will not misunderstand us when we say that we do not always quite understand her. In illustration of our remark we quote one of these sixty sonnets, entitled "The Accusation:—

> Mere night! The unconsenting Soul stands by,
> A moaning protestant. "Ah, not for this,
> And not for this, through rose and thorn was I
> Drawn to surrender and the bridal kiss.
> Annunciations lit with jewelled wings
> Of sudden angels 'mid the lilies tall,
> Proud prothalamia chaunting enraptured things,—
> O sumptuous fables, why so prodigal
> Of masque and music, of dreams like foam-white swans
> On lakes of hyacinthus? Must Love seek
> Great allies, Beauty sound her arrière-bans
> That all her splendours betray us to this bleak
> Simplicity whereto blind satyrs run?"—
> The irony seems old, old as the sun.

It is very ornate and fulsome, but what does it mean? We are no nearer to discovery when we read the preceding and succeeding sonnets. Too much of Mrs. Taylor's verse consists of mysticism carried to obscurity. Many of the sonnets might have been derived directly from Rossetti's "House of Life"—a turn of phrase that was peculiarly Rossetti's is often noticeable:—

As delicate, gorgeous rains of dusky gold
Heavy white lilies, Love importunate
Besets the soul . . .
The great concentrics of star-builded dreams . . .

However this may be, as a rule the inspiration seems wanting, which alone can justify, as it did in Rossetti's work, the involved and decorative line. The author is too fond of curious and archaic words; "shent," "threnes," "distained," "ensorcelise," "cilice," "cinct," "adamas," and, of course, "thurifer" and "thurible," are scattered here and there through the book. We quite expected to find "Chthonian" and "Homoousian," but apparently these would not serve.

It is very pleasant to notice that from the level which we have indicated a few of the sonnets rise unexceptionably. "The Sum of Things," for example, from one woman to another, is very fine indeed:—

Well! I am tired, who fared to divers ends,
And you are not, who kept the beaten path;
But mystic Vintagers have been my friends,
Even Love and Death and Sin and Pride and Wrath.
Wounded am I, you are immaculate;
But great Adventurers were my starry guides:
From God's pavilion to the Flaming Gate
Have I not ridden as an immortal rides?
And your dry soul crumbles by dim degrees
To final dust quite happily, it appears,
While all the sweetness of her nectaries
Can only stand within my heart like tears.
O throbbing wounds, rich tears, and splendour spent,
Ye are all my spoil, and I am well content.

It is perfectly obvious what a gain in the true spirit of poesy is here, due to an approach to simplicity. "After Many Years" is also a beautiful poem; and here is an exquisite conceit:—

I spun my soul about with soft cocoons
Of pleasure golden pale . . .

If Mrs. Taylor could but rid her method of the highly-coloured writing she indulges in to an extent which completely mars her finest ideas, and could clarify her expression, she might take high rank as an exponent of the English sonnet.

Mr. Arthur Scott Craven's imitation Ingoldsby Legends—most of his critics have so labelled his work, and it is the best comparison possible—are excellent. We like his humorous poems best; he has an uncanny skill in rhyming and a diabolical facility with his rhythm which pleases us mightily; he sets the feet stamping to his measure. Also, he is really very funny at times. "Fudge" is the smartest thing of its kind that we have seen for a long time; it seems a shame to quote, but we take the liberty of reproducing the opening lines:—

Mr. Justice Fudge
Is a very learned Judge
Of exceeding erudition, most profound in legal lore.
"Fudge on Contracts," be it noted,
Is a standard work, and quoted
By the cream of learned Counsel twenty times a day and more;
While, of course, his "Jurisprudence"
Is the text-book for all students,
And his "Roman Law" a classic, which they one and all adore.
Do you know it?
Bound in leather, red calf binding, six-and-eightpence?
(I've a copy, slightly spotted, going cheap at three-and-four.)

"Mukerji Lal" is also capital. Some of the serious poems are good, but on the whole we prefer Mr. Craven in his lighter moods; it is better to make people laugh whole-heartedly than to make them admire half-heartedly, and there is plenty of room, with a cordial welcome, for more of Mr. Craven's lilting "Legends."

Last year Mr. Vivian Locke Ellis selected "Five Lyrical Poems" from work awaiting publication, and the little volume which he now sets before us more than fulfils the promise of his previous book. The only really unfortunate thing about it is the title, which is disagreeably suggestive of platforms in Hyde Park draped in purple and green, of shrill feminine voices, and of aggressively-worded banners. The title-poem, however, has nothing to do with votes; it is a purely symbolic and very beautiful little episode in eight irregular stanzas, of which we may quote the first as an example of the serenity and dignity of the author's style:—

As one out of a wilderness he spoke,
Pausing beneath some forest-bordering pine
Or branch-triumphant oak
Whereon the red rays of the sunset shine;
One who has lingered all the day divine
In the miraculous company of sound,
Waiting for silence in the trembling leaves
And stillness in the ground,
That he may sleep, while with unearthly beams
His cold and watchful planet dips, and weaves
The pattern of his dreams.

This, and "A Dream of Babylon," are the two longest poems; the latter, chiefly in blank verse, has some passages full of the witchery of the East. It attains a high standard of poetry, both in technique and in conception; it is a pleasure to note, from one point of view, the fine contrast of vowel-sounds in the following lines, and from another point of view their delicacy of descriptive power:—

All night I wandered in the lost moonlight
Over the wharves and past the water-gates
And in the reedy sands. All white and cold
The shallows made no murmur as they let
The stark mid-current by. The little fields
Ran with straight rivulets like seams of glass
Under the haze. Yonder was Babylon,
A wall of midnight with red battlements
And pyramids of cloud; a mountain ridge
Hollow with native fires, absorbing heaven;
And one white star, kindling her doors of bronze
And melting her domed fastness into dreams.

In one or two shorter lyrics Mr. Ellis essays a rhythm which does not show him at his best—as in "An Eastern Song." From a writer who can give us so lovely a poem as "After," however, much is to be expected in the future. With three of its seven stanzas we must finish quotation:—

When death has sentinelled my door
Go thou, and visit there no more;
Go quickly thence, and nothing take
And nothing leave for memory's sake.

And when they bring me to my bier,
Come not in thought or presence near,
And when they take me to my grave
Do thou that little journey save . . .

And after, if thou think to bring
Of flowers some painless offering,
Come if thou wilt, and blossoms bear,
But leave them not to wither there.

Mr. Ellis is no hasty writer of commonplace verses. We find nothing in his book which is not true poetry, and we shall look forward to later work from his pen with considerable pleasure.

EGYPTIAN ESCHATOLOGY

The Book of the Dead. An English Translation of the Chapters, Hymns, etc., of the Theban Recension, with an Introduction, Notes, etc. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D. 3 vols. And *The Egyptian Hieroglyphic Text.* 3 vols. Edited by Dr. Budge. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net each vol.)

When Lepsius first published the famous Turin papyrus in 1842, he gave it the name Das Todtenbuch. This name has been adopted by all scholars since for the numerous papyri

which have been found of the "Recension of the great national funeral work which was copied by the scribes for themselves, and for Egyptian kings and queens, princes and nobles, gentle and simple, rich and poor, from about B.C. 1600 to B.C. 900." This Theban Recension was called by the Egyptians "The Chapters of Coming Forth by Day," given as a first title by Dr. Budge in his edition of the volumes comprising the original hieroglyphic text. The beautiful edition before us is a book both for the scholar and the general reader, the work of an Egyptologist whose reputation is too well known to need any commendation from us. The nature of this edition is best described in Dr. Budge's own words:—"The translation is no mere reprint, for it has been carefully revised and compared with the original text, and many brief explanatory notes have been added; and more than four hundred vignettes, taken from the best papyri, have been reproduced in the volumes of the present edition at the heads of the chapters, the general contents of which the ancient Egyptian scribes and artists intended them to illustrate."

The first volume of the hieroglyphic text has a special introduction, giving an account and descriptions of the various papyri, one of the most important being the Papyrus of Ani, which was found at Thebes, and was acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum in 1888. It is 78ft. long and 15in. wide, and is the longest known papyrus of the Theban Recension. It is made of six distinct lengths of papyrus, which have been joined together with great neatness. The text was written by three scribes at least, but the beautiful vignettes appear to have been painted by one hand. This papyrus was probably produced in the latter years of the Eighteenth dynasty, circa B.C. 1400. But the oldest known codex of the Theban Recension is the papyrus of Nu, found at Kûrnah, in Western Thebes, probably dating from 1700 B.C. This also is in the British Museum, and was first published by Dr. Budge in 1899. It is beautifully written, has fine painted vignettes, and is altogether a piece of work which bears in every line evidence of the care and knowledge of the copyist; very different from the ordinary stock copy of the undertaker, in which blank spaces were left for inserting the name of the deceased.

The greater part of the first volume of the translations is occupied with most valuable introductory matter on the general history of the "Book of the Dead," concerning Osiris, the god of Judgment, the Resurrection, Immortality, and the Elysian fields, together with short notes on each chapter, "as it was thought to be unnecessary to encumber the pages of a book which is intended for popular use with voluminous disquisitions and references." The importance of the study of the "Book of the Dead" may be considered in two aspects: first, in the light thrown upon the antiquities of dynastic, and even pre-dynastic, Egypt; secondly, from the point of view of the science of comparative religion. Although little is known of the home and origin of the "Book of the Dead," Dr. Budge finds many references to the funeral customs and ideas of a future life current among the Aborigines of Egypt of the Stone Age. It is true that their mode of burial was quite "different from that in use among their latest pre-dynastic and their earliest dynastic descendants."

In the pre-dynastic cemeteries of the Nile Valley recently excavated, evidence has been found both of burial and cremation, but none of mummification in the strict sense of the term, because they did not understand the process. But the race which conquered them did; and these new-comers, metal workers of a higher civilisation, brought with them from Asia new religious beliefs, their own literature, different funeral customs, including the process of embalming, burial in the hill-side or in artificial brick tombs, for the preservation of the physical body or *khat*. These customs were the natural result of their belief in the doctrine of the resurrection of man, mixed up with the worship of the god-man and king, Osiris, who was provided by his sisters, Isis and Nephthys, with amulets of protection in the grave, and who himself recited magical formulæ, which gave him everlasting life. Dr. Budge considers that the period of this change is the period of the introduction into Egypt of many of the religious and funeral compositions which are now known by the name of the "Book of the Dead."

Dr. Budge also points out—and this is a matter of great interest to the student of comparative religions—that the fantastic magical superstitions of the semi-barbarous indigenous peoples of Northern Africa were constantly "contending for recognition with the superior moral and spiritual beliefs due to the presence of the Asiatic element in Egypt. Hence the chapters of the 'Book of the Dead' are a mirror in which are reflected most of the beliefs of the various races which went to build up the Egyptian of history, and to this fact is due the difficulty of framing a connected and logical account of what the Egyptians believed at any given period in their history." At the same time, certain doctrines stand out with remarkable clearness. Of these, the greatest, which is the base of so many of the religious texts, hymns, and litanies, is the belief in immortality, which fills so prominent a place in the hearts and hopes of both uncivilised and civilised man.

To compare Christianity with other religions would at one time have been regarded as treason to the faith. But the study of religion as a science tends to show that, in the search after truth, Christianity has nothing to lose in the discovery in other beliefs of point of resemblance and similarity, or even features of identity. The teachings of the "Book of the Dead" are remarkable in this connection. The followers of Osiris believed that they "would enjoy everlasting life and happiness in a perfectly constituted body *because* Osiris had conquered death, and had risen from the dead, and was living in a body which was perfect in all its members." There are hymns addressed to Osiris in which he is called the "king of eternity, the lord of the everlasting." In the 15th chapter we read: "Those who have lain down (i.e., the dead) rise up to see thee, they breathe the air, and they look upon thy face when the disk riseth on its horizon; their hearts are at peace, inasmuch as they behold thee, O thou who art Eternity and Everlastingness!"

In Chapter 182, from the Papyrus of Mut-hetep, 20th dynasty, circa B.C. 1150, is another most remarkable passage: "Homage to thee, O Governor of those who are in Amenti, who maketh mortals to be born again. . . ." this re-incarnation being the birth with a renewed perfect body into a new life beyond the grave. The Egyptians had thus early advanced to that stage in the evolution of belief, which maintains the absolute conviction that the death of the body does not entail the destruction of the soul. But they had not advanced far enough to perceive that the destruction of the natural body was a matter of no importance. Hence arose their extraordinary care in preserving and embalming, in which every possible aid of science and skill was used to arrest decay, so that the *ba* or heart soul might find the body whenever it pleased to visit it. In connection with the *ba*, there was the *khu*, or spiritual soul, which "seems to have been regarded as an ethereal being; in fact, the SOUL which under no circumstances could die, and which dwelt in the *sahu* or spiritual body."

But despite the high spiritual conceptions involved in their ideas of immortality, the Egyptians, from the earliest times to the latest period of their history, were addicted to those superstitious rites and formulæ of magic which exist by mimicking science and religion. Of this there is abundant evidence in the "Book of the Dead," and elsewhere. Dr. Budge cites a papyrus of the 18th dynasty, from which we learn that "a man was prosecuted for having made figures of men and women in wax, by which he caused sundry and divers pains and sicknesses to the living beings whom they represented." Here it may be noted that neither Christianity nor modern civilisation has entirely got rid of magic, even in England. Readers of Hardy's novels will recall the graphic descrip-

tion of the image in wax made with sinister intent by Susan Nonsuch, in the "Return of the Native."

Dr. Budge gives a number of instances from the Rubrics of certain chapters, in which directions are given for the performance of magical ceremonies, such as reciting chapters over the figures of golden cows, serpents, rings, beetles, and boats; and for placing amulets containing magic formulæ in the coffin with the mummy. In order to get on well in the under-world the deceased would have to pass a very severe examination in the names of gods, and supernatural beings, door-keepers, watchers, heralds, and others. Nor was this sufficient without a minute knowledge of every portion of the boat wherein he wished to cross the great river in the under-world, and even of the names of the two leaves of the door of the Hall of Osiris, with all the names of lintels, planks, bolts, and bolt-sockets. Dr. Budge further points out that the underlying idea of this magical use of nomenclature is that "the man who knows the name of a god could invoke and obtain help from him by calling upon him," and that the hostility of a fiend could be successfully opposed by the repetition of his name. The knowledge of the names of fiends and demons constituted the chief power of the magicians, and the amulets of the Gnostics, which were inscribed with the names of supernatural powers, are the practical expression of the belief in the efficacy of the knowledge of names which existed in Egypt from time immemorial."

The "Book of the Dead," as we have already indicated, is a work of the greatest value to the student of the science of religion, who may desire to compare the magical practices of the Egyptians of three or four thousand years ago with the superstitions and rites existing at the present day in Africa, or America, or Polynesia, with modern investigations into sorcery, totemism, or fetichism; or to compare their higher spiritual ideas with the philosophic conceptions of ancient Greece, or the Oriental mysticism of Asia. Especially interesting, too, would be a comparative study with the literature of the Hebrews, who, leaving Egypt, developed a pure Monotheism, and yet, possibly in their revolt from idolatrous magic, did not take with them any definite belief in a future life, but regarded the grave as the final end of existence, "the land where all things are forgotten." Dr. Wallis Budge hopes that the "Book of the Dead" will be further read and examined with a view to the explanation of dark passages and difficult allusions. To this desired end he has given in this admirable edition of the text and translations the best possible help as a result of his own fine erudition and scholarship.

The Book of the Dead. By H. M. Tirard. With an Introduction by Edouard Naville, D.C.L., Ph.D. Illustrated. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.)

This useful little work, the outcome of lectures delivered to students at the British Museum, is a sort of introduction to the study of the Book of the Dead. The writer has a deep knowledge of the subject, having made, as Dr. Edouard Naville tells us in a short preface, a diligent study of all the available translations. There is a chapter on the history of the Book, which begins with the seeming paradox that the "most important event in the life of an ancient Egyptian was his own funeral." Yet this exactly expresses the true position. For to an Egyptian death was a trivial accident, leading directly to a newer and fuller life. Other chapters deal with Life in the Nether World, the Mythology of the Book of the Dead, a Funeral in Ancient Egypt, etc.; and there is an exceedingly good account of the morality of the Book of the Dead. The system of magic, to which some allusions are made, certainly ought to have had a chapter to itself. In this connection very little is said of the influence of the aboriginal superstitions of the indigenous peoples of Northern Africa upon the immigrants from Asia, who brought with them the spiritual conceptions of a future life, which in process of time completely altered the burial customs of the men of the Stone Age. There are some forty to fifty illustrations (uncoloured) of the well-known vignettes, moderately executed. The general reader, who has not time for a study of the Book of the Dead in the works of Maspero, Naville, and Dr. Wallis Budge, will find in these clever essays much that will help him to understand better the religious ideas and mystical practices of the dynastic periods of Egyptian history.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE

On Life and Letters. By Anatole France. A Translation by A. W. Evans. (John Lane. 6s.)

For some years past M. Anatole France has held the foremost place in the French world of letters, and so it is not surprising that we should be presented with English translations of his writings. For those readers, however, who are able to understand and appreciate the more delicate features of the French language, no version in any foreign tongue can ever take the place of M. France's original compositions. He has often had something new and illuminating to impart, but the great, the unfailing characteristic of his work has been perfection of technique, an impeccable style, displaying most delicate shadings, and instinct with humour and irony—an irony, be it noted, which usually remains light and subtle, and never becomes more than caustic, venom being entirely foreign to its nature. In respect to his satirical gifts, M. Anatole France stands forth, after a long interval, as the legitimate successor of Beaumarchais.

Time was—and it is not so distant—when, during a famous "affair" which threw his country into convulsions, M. France entered the political arena and fought for truth and equity. He appeared on platforms, presided over public meetings, addressed mechanics and labourers, before whom he often cast pearls which many of them were unable to appreciate. In everything which he then did, M. France showed himself to be possessed of great civic courage, a true and highly creditable patriotism. A moment arrived when it seemed as if he might entirely forsake literature for politics. Men often desire to make a name in something which is not their real *forte*. Lamartine momentarily imagined himself to be an inspired statesman, Victor Hugo remained under a similar delusion all his life. Coquelin, the actor, coveted a seat in the Chamber of Deputies; Meissonier, the painter, offered himself as a candidate for the Senate; and, as we have indicated, it appeared for a while as if M. Anatole France were fired by some similar ambition.

But nature, education, and the habits of many years had not fitted him to play the part of a "popular tribune"; the curule chair was less suited to him than the *fauteuil* which he already occupied at the Academy, greatly to that institution's advantage; and he was far more at home in a drawing-room than in any turbulent public assembly. Doubtless his intervention in politics was useful within certain limits, and of advantage also to himself, for he learnt many things by coming in contact with folk to whom he had previously given little attention. And he thereby qualified himself to become a valuable commentator, perhaps the most lucid and illuminating of all, in respect to the manners, foibles, jealousies, excesses, and falsehoods of his time, such as he has set down in the four volumes of his "Histoire contemporaine."

In such work as that he was able to be politically useful to his country, whilst adding a notable contribution to her literature, and thus he acted wisely when he turned from the platform to his study and renewed his companionship with his Greek statuettes, his examples of the Italian primitives, his mediæval carvings, and his rare editions of old books, brimful of wit and wisdom. It was amidst those pleasant surroundings that he once more put on his little red thinking-cap, and proceeded to record and to draw deductions from all that he had learnt amidst the din of the outside world.

As was the case with Sainte-Beuve, there is something of the Benedictine in M. Anatole France's nature. He has always been a hard and patient worker; but his sense of humour has saved him from taking things too seriously. He sparkles in his conversation as he sparkles in his writings. The raillery which curves his lips dances in his luminous eyes; and whilst he talks, the tassel of his little cap seems, by its constant nods and becks, to invite attention to each successive shaft of wit that darts from the brain beneath it. But at intervals you detect a lyric strain in M. France's utterances, and you then remember that the delicate *railleur* of to-day began his literary career as a poet.

Born in Paris in 1844, the son of a bookseller named Thibaud (France is only a pseudonym), he became an assistant to Lemerre, the publisher, in whose little shop in the Passage Choiseul he met all the young men who, in or about 1860, had banded themselves around Leconte de Lisle and formed that "Parnassian" group of poets who were bent on excelling in verse of faultless polish. M. France's contributions to the output of that school of young stylists were his "Nuits corinthiennes" and his "Poèmes dorés," which were very favourably received. But in spite of that encouragement, he became convinced that he would never attain to the highest rank as a poet—Hérédia, Sully-Prudhomme, Mallarmé, Ronchaud, and Coppée, be it remembered, were among his rivals—and so he renounced versification to become an acknowledged master of prose.

On the appearance of "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" in 1880, the recognition of his talent was general among people of culture, and with each of his successive works his reputation increased. Nobody can read without a sense of exquisite mental enjoyment such books as "Les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard," "Le Livre de Mon Ami," "Le Jardin d'Epicure," and "Le Puits de Sainte Claire." How appetising is the *cuisine* of the "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," how intoxicating the perfume of "Le Lys rouge," in which work M. Anatole France indulgently allowed sensibility to overcome his usually victorious irony. How sympathetically, too, does one follow worthy Monsieur Bergeret along the sinuous paths of that "Histoire contemporaine," towards the end of which irony again becomes silent in order that honest indignation may have full vent. Once more, however, does irony assert itself—this time above a subdued note of pathos—in "Les Désirs de Jean Servien," which depicts the vision splendid, the dream and pursuit of eternal beauty. Even the trifle which M. France entitled "Histoire comique"—a mere anecdote, and fundamentally an unpleasant one—inveigles the reader by the charm of its style, which shows to such great advantage when contrasted with the brutal roughness that Zola displayed in treating a very similar theme in "Thérèse Raquin."

"On Life and Letters" ("La Vie littéraire"), the last volume of M. France's writings that Mr. John Lane has issued in an English dress, comprises some thirty biographical and critical articles contributed to *Le Temps*. Dumas *fils*, Maupassant, Bismarck, Coppée, Balzac, Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, Thiers, Florian, Renan, George Sand, the girl of the past and the girl of the present, mad folk in literature, virtue in France, and the study of Latin, are among the people and the subjects touched upon in M. France's pages; and although these sprightly little essays are often very brief, a true and informing note of criticism rings through them all.

The translation is not free from gallicisms. In writing English it is a fault to repeat the same preposition before each of a string of proper names, as the translator does on page 45, and again on page 147. We should sometimes prefer to see "period" substituted for "epoch" as a rendering of *époque*. We have also noticed "demand" as a translation of *demander* when "ask" or "request" should have been employed. On the whole, however, this English version is fairly well done. Unfortunately, Mr. Frederic Chapman, the editor of the series, has neglected a manifest duty in not stating at what period M. France's articles were written. On turning to page 277 one reads: "M. Cuvillier-Fleury, whose funeral took place yesterday"—a remark which might naturally prompt the inquiry: "What 'yesterday' was that?" Mr. Chapman does not say. In point of fact, it was one of the "yesterdays" of 1887, in which year these papers were first printed. Why has Mr. Chapman left that date unmentioned in the note—presumably an editorial one—which follows M. Anatole France's preface? Throughout the first 200 pages of the volume nothing indicates when certain incidents—receptions at the Academy, deaths, etc.—took place. The imperfectly informed English reader (it is for imperfectly informed readers that translations are chiefly made) is thus often left in perplexity, compelled to consult some biographical dictionary for the information he may need. It is unfair to put him to such trouble. Again, some notes on other points might well have been inserted. For instance, in connection with M. Anatole France's attacks on Zola, there might have been some mention of his subsequent expressions of regret in his oration at Zola's funeral. But the book contains no elucidatory notes, nor even an index, although so many people and subjects are dealt with. It is to be hoped that similar deficiencies will not occur in the ensuing three volumes of the series, and that something will be done to improve the present one in the respects we have mentioned, should it be reprinted.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

The Repertory Theatre: A Record and a Criticism. By P. P. Howe. (Martin Secker. 2s. 6d.)

Approached from Mr. Howe's standpoint, this is a wholly admirable book. We say "approached from Mr. Howe's standpoint" advisedly, for we cannot but think he has done himself and his book an injustice in eschewing the uplands of critical insight in favour of the lower lands of historical record. In his "Foreword" he makes his position clear, for he says that the first object he set before him was to "provide a souvenir of the most significant theatrical enterprise of recent times, Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre, at the Duke of York's, for those who followed its season with enjoyment." Such souvenirs are, perhaps, necessary, and, possibly, wise. But by the very nature of the case they avoid the higher service of judging things that essentially differ. For example, it cannot surely be denied that Mr. Frohman's attempt was a failure. It certainly was not a commercial success. In such a pioneer effort that was scarcely to be expected. But what of artistic success? We may or may not like the foremost dramatists it put forward. Criticism of the work of such men as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barker, or Mr. Galworthy has its own time and place, and is not the business of such a review as this. The present matter is that these men were represented by work that had declined considerably from the best of their output. Compare "Misalliance" with "Candida," "The Madras House" with "The Voysey Inheritance" or "Waste," "Justice" with "Strife"! That is sufficient to tell its own tale. The failure of Mr. Frohman's enterprise was just this, that it was not an enterprise. As an attempt at pioneer work it failed, simply because it was not pioneer. It put forward work that did not mount higher than anterior efforts: it had declined from earlier greatness. Beside the Vedrenne-Barker tenure of the Court Theatre, 1904-1907, it stood a poor second. Which is disastrous for an effort that purports to be progressive!

Mr. Howe is content to overlook this. He calls his book a record and a criticism, but the truth is that he has been too willing to sink the criticism in favour of the record. Nevertheless, let this once be clearly recognised, let the book clearly be seen for what it aims at being, and, within these bounds, it becomes invaluable. This is not too strong a word to use. Critics of forward, or

would-be forward, movements in the theatre have long been in need of a book that sums up their progress and achievement. Mr. Howe's is such a book; moreover, it is the only one. Having, in his initial chapter, taken us through the evolution of the "Repertory Idea," having picked out its service and purport, he outlines for us its achievement hitherto. In some ways his second chapter is as valuable as any in the book. Londoners, we think, will have good cause to blush when it is brought home to them that such towns as Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, and even Stockport, have left it to lag long in the theatrical rear of progress. Perhaps London will wake up with a start, and finally outdo them all. But at the moment, as Mr. Howe's book makes only too clear, they are not only in the van of artistic progress, but they are making their efforts weigh on the credit side of the commercial balance-sheet. This is one of the most hopeful signs in the modern theatre, not only full of profitable achievement, but even more full of promise. Not only so, but Dublin, in addition, has succeeded in making important contributions to English literature. Such names as those of J. M. Synge and W. B. Yeats will not easily be forgotten. It comes back to us that the great Elizabethan dramatic outburst was preceded by an earlier spirit of inspiration that spread afterwards to London. Is it too much to hope that the Chester, York, and Hereford "cycles" were an earnest desire of a similar movement in the twentieth century? The centre bulk of Mr. Howe's book is taken up with the record of its cause of being. That is to say, it deals in detail with the list of plays produced at the Duke of York's last year. It is here that our initial criticism finds its lodgment; and it is here, in consequence, that the book is at its weakest. Nevertheless, it makes useful reading, for though it is but a summary, it is an able summary. Had the author given himself to an analysis of the failure of such plays as "Misalliance" and "The Madras House," the volume would certainly have gained infinitely in value. By merely expounding them he lays himself open to the charge of unqualified approval of them: in which surely he is unfair to himself.

Mr. Howe has a spirited chapter on the criticism that met each play that Mr. Frohman put forward, which he deftly entitles "On Leaving Aristotle Out." There is only one fault with it, and that is, it is scarcely strong enough. That any critic, calling himself a critic, should be content with judging plays put forward in the year of grace 1909 by a tentative set of maxims, advanced for a wholly different set of conditions at a remote date B.C. seems inconceivable. What a confession of mental failure and sloth it is! It is time an emphatic protest was put up at so gratuitous an insult to the intelligence of the present day. But perhaps Mr. Howe's way is wisest. For he shows pretty clearly that such sloth is rooted in sleek self-interest. This is to expose it; but it needs combats also. We cannot close without drawing attention to the appendices that conclude this book. They are substance for a review in themselves, giving, as they do, the casts and productions at the Duke of York's in detail, and also what plays have been produced at the other repertory theatres, and when. They are evidently the result of considerable labour, and they will save us in the future much wasteful reference to newspaper files. The book is excellently printed, and the format is simple and serviceable.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Greek Influence on English Poetry. By the late Professor Churton Collins. Edited, with Introduction, by Professor M. Macmillan. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

In spite of the comprehensive title of this book, its contents do not show Professor Churton Collins at his best. A trace of hurry and of hasty composition runs through each division; there occur often such phrases as "I have left myself no space . . ." "I have exceeded the time allotted to me . . ." and in some cases this leads to sentences that are really specimens of indifferent English. We need hardly point out that in a series of lectures which was framed to indicate our debt as poets and philosophers to ancient Greece, this is a great fault. Professor Macmillan apologises in his interesting introduction for the abruptness of parts of the book, and admits that in some cases he has "toned it down," but there seems no valid reason why he should not have carefully reconstructed his colleague's work and presented it in a more graceful form.

Having noted this failing, we are free to admire the learning of Professor Collins, and to appreciate the remarkable critical insight he possessed. His introductory chapter on "Greek as a factor in Modern Education" will bear reading several times for its acute reasoning and for its comparisons between the Greek ideals and our own. "The Greeks," he observes, "never deviated into the barren and unprofitable studies in which we are so often absorbed."

> They studied, they admired, they drew inspiration and nourishment from the Homeric poems, but in their best days they did not waste time in muddling themselves and others with theories about their authorship. They did not confound antiquities with history, nor substitute mere knowledge of facts crammed up from musty chronicles for the living lessons which genius has deduced from them. With what pitying contempt would that large, sane intelligence have regarded our Baconian-Shakespeare controversies, our editions of Shakespeare's plays copiously annotated with a view to various examinations, our Mediæval and Modern Languages Triposes, our text-books and examination papers on English History and English Literature.

At the same time it is permissible to wonder how Professor Collins attained his position as teacher and literary historian, unless he used some of these same aids. We like very much the little asides, where the author's own opinions occasionally appear. "It is not so much in what is formal and susceptible of exact estimation that the influence of poetry on poetry is most real," he remarks. "The indebtedness of our poets to Greece, where that indebtedness is greatest, is often such as evades illustrative definition." With the observations on Dryden we are not in complete accord; we should hardly call him, for instance, the "father of English criticism." Surely Jonson would be a more suitable claimant for that honour. The analysis of Spenser's poetry, however, and the discussion of his Platonic inspiration, is altogether pleasing, and forms one of the best portions of the book. We take leave of these lectures with a sense of regret that the author could not have elaborated them into a treatise which would undoubtedly have been a brilliant contribution to the essays at which he was such an adept.

The Charm of the Road. By James John Hissey. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

Robert Louis Stevenson is responsible for the large and growing literature of the leisured tramp, and his gauger's haunting tune, "Over the Hills and Far Away," rings constantly in Mr. Hissey's ears. He takes the fortune of the highway, gaily and lightly, with his obedient wife and his "reliable little car," just driving from time to time in whatever direction the country looks most inviting. They cannot lose their way, as they have no way to lose. They put no trust in guide-books, for "a guide-book robs a tour of half its pleasure," and because they do not want to see anything under compulsion. But really the advice in Murray, the double stars of Baedeker, have not the force of a hypnotic suggestion upon the ordinary traveller; and Mr. Hissey is not even consistent, for we find him (on page 71) "consulting a modern guide-book to Kent, on his return home." Though he despises the guide-book proper, he always makes a point of glancing at picture postcards, "as by so doing he frequently has had his attention called to something of interest in or about the place"; and he

is not above consulting back numbers of old magazines. From such a source he learns for the first time of the existence of the punishment of pressing to death! It will be gathered that though Mr. Hissey has a pretty taste in scenery, and an infectious enthusiasm for the little car, he has the defect of *naiveté*. He can write seriously that "it is always interesting to meet and converse with those who have made a name for themselves in the world." He can seriously retail his conversation with a countryman at Littleton about the Abbey barn:

> "They called her the Abbey barn, as she belonged to Evesham Abbey once. She be very old," says the countryman.
>
> I said smilingly I was glad to hear it was a she barn.
>
> "Well, it's not a he barn, is it?" he retorted.
>
> "Perhaps it's an it barn?" I suggested.
>
> Then there was silence; the man was manifestly pondering the matter over. I don't think he quite appreciated my joking remark.

This is really too small beer to be chronicled. The tour is an attractive one, from Sussex into Wales and back again; but this is more than can be said for the style. We hear too much of "dear dreamy old-world homes," "architectural gems," and "halos of romance"; and, of course, the author cannot refrain from that well-worn phrase of "taking mine ease at mine inn."

Pewter and the Amateur Collector. By EDWARDS J. GALE. Illustrated. (Philip Lee Warner. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book, with forty-three illustrations beautifully finished, is most interesting. It deals historically with the old ware, the rise of the English craft, American pewter plate, modern pewter, and the various wares of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book admirably fulfils its professed purpose as a good and reliable guide for amateurs. We venture to say that if this book is carefully read it will be difficult for the readers to be subjected to fraud in their purchases. Lovers of pewter will find the book most interesting on its own account.

The A B C About Collecting. By SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

IT is really impossible for anyone who is an enthusiast in the matter of collecting to be other than extremely grateful for the appearance of the present volume. What we have said above about pewter is equally true of the present volume as regards its value as a protection against fraud. The volume covers the whole ground of the collections, except pewter, which those who are afflicted with the hobby of curio-hunting need as a guide, philosopher, and friend. There are seventy illustrations, beautifully done, ranging over a wide expanse of collecting. Old Coalport, Rockingham, Staffordshire, Lowestoft, French Pottery and Porcelain. Toby Jugs, Leeds Printed Pottery, Baxter Prints, Old Miniatures, Grandfather Clocks, Rembrandt Etchings, Japanese Colour-Prints, Old Frames, and Old British-made Violins are some of the headings which are dealt with, and all are ably handled. There is an interesting plate of Christie's sale-rooms in the eighteenth century. The amateur collector who cares to be advised by us will certainly possess himself of Sir James Yoxall's volume.

Simple Susan. By MARIA EDGEWORTH, Re-told by LOUEY CHISHOLM. Illustrated in Colour by OLIVE ALLEN. (Jack. 2s.)

MISS LOUEY CHISHOLM has done quite rightly to re-tell this very delightful story of "Simple Susan." There are few children who will not be more than pleased to receive it as a gift. The print is large and very clear. The pictures by Miss Olive Allen are charmingly artistic. The book is one of the "Grandmother Favourite Series," ably edited by Amy Steadman. It is, indeed, a handsome volume prettily bound, with a portrait of Simple Susan, who apparently had a little lamb.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. Illustrated in Colour by W. B. ROBINSON. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS re-issue is very nicely got up. The print is good and clear. It is unnecessary to say much about the story itself. Rather big boys have always been delighted with it. The illustrations are extremely well done. We congratulate the publishers on the volume.

A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys, and Tanglewood Tales. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by GRANVILLE FELL. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

THE author of the "Scarlet Letter" has here produced a delightfully written book of six classical stories for girls and boys. The stories are written for the most part in a simple manner, and never rise above the comprehension of those for whom they were written. There may possibly be some people who think that classical stories are not suitable for children. If, however, they read the volume under review they will see reason for altering their opinion. The illustrations by Granville Fell are very clever.

FICTION.

SIX WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Married in India: A Story of Anglo-Indian Life in the Sixties. By CONSTANCE HOWELL. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

Two Impostors and Tinker. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

Seed of Fire. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

Judith Carrington's Romance. By MRS. CLAYTON PALMER. (Simpkin and Co. 6s.)

The Story of a Year. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)

John Winterbourne's Family. By ALICE BROWNE. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

"MARRIED IN INDIA."

WE read this book in amazement and awe. We asked ourselves what people these could possibly be about whom we had to urge ourselves to go on reading. The women were curiously stilted, conventional people, who used the most abortive terms of endearment to each other, although they were sisters. Their intimate conversation *à deux* was so unnatural, unsisterly, so quite impossible, as to make it a painful effort to keep this novel before our eyes. The pages are punctuated with such remarkable statements as: "Her blue muslin dress had ribbon ruched at the throat and wrists; a blue sash pendant at her left side, and a blue velvet band round her chignon, repeated that colour." We wondered whether the authoress had made a collection of her articles as dress critic to a lady's paper and written a story round them. Her men, English army officers—who wore beards, among other odd habits—were the most strange collection of human beings whom it is possible to conceive. And then we turned to the fly-leaf, and a certain amount of light was shed upon the subject. "Married in India" is a story of Anglo-Indian life in the sixties. These wooden dolls of women and men were figures of a bygone age—fortunately. We had been reading and criticising as if they were present-day people. Through the mercy of Heaven we are not like this nowadays; but the book is none the less tedious because of that. There is a dry-as-dust, restrained, artificial atmosphere about the whole thing which makes one leap to one's feet and rush out in the open air and take strenuous exercise and try and shake it off. We looked for descriptions of India, of the natives, of the bazaars, the wonderful Eastern colouring which is the keynote of Kipling's Indian work. We looked in vain. What descriptions there are are mere collections of ordinary words, which do not show one anything of the country or of its natives, and leave one

with a strong feeling of discontent and longing for something good to read. Consequently we took up the latest novel of Miss Dorothea Conyers,

"Two Impostors and Tinker."

Here at least was something worth reading, though, of course, we knew exactly what to expect. Seeing the authoress's name on the back, we thought to ourselves that we should go hunting the fox with some gay, irresponsible Irish friends, with their even more irresponsible grooms and servants. Nor were we disappointed. Though Miss Conyers' theme is invariably Ireland and its horses, hounds, and hunting, she knows well the secret of writing light, entertaining fiction. In her present novel she introduces the reader to a delightfully fascinating brother and sister who, left practically penniless in a Parisian hotel, are compelled to earn their bread and butter. They receive a letter addressed to a cousin of the same name, a millionaire and famous M.F.H., offering him the mastership of some hounds in Ireland. These two youngsters write and accept, the boy going over as master, and his sister, in boy's clothes, as chief whip. The story of their adventures and misadventures with the hounds and the hunt make pleasant reading indeed. The whole story is charmingly light and filled with the inconsequence of the characters. There is, of course, the usual villain—a dark, handsome man of title, who is after the rich girl's money, and who exposes the two "Impostors." There are the usual smooth-tongued horse-copers, who palm off "screws" on the "Impostors" at three times their value, and the usual exciting runs with the hounds across the Ballendreen country. Tinker, the dog, is our friend for life, and he achieves fame immortal by his sporting behaviour. Miss Conyers' latest work is quite delightful, and should be hoarded up for a rainy afternoon when one has nothing much to do between tea and dinner, and can enjoy oneself in front of the fire. Of an entirely different nature is

"Seed of Fire."

In this story figures an accomplished woman of the world, half French, half English, whose brother is in the Government service in Egypt in the Antiquities Department. Ireland and hunting are forgotten in the hot, languorous atmosphere of Cairo and the desert. The story is of the love between Diane and the Egyptian Mamûr, who, in the oasis cut off from civilisation by five days' camel ride across the desert, is king of all he surveys, including Diane. The authoress conjures up and makes one feel the mystery of the desert with the same power, almost, as Hichens. Her descriptions of scenery, both in Cairo and in the oasis to which she goes with her brother and the Mamûr, are strong and fine. She makes one see the sunsets and wonderful star-lit nights and hear the medley of sounds which pierce the blackness from the far-off native quarters. She takes one with her into the bazaars and shows one the colours, the noises of traffic, the flowing-garbed Easterns, with a true and powerful pen. The chapters in which Diane lives in the oasis with Fatmeh and pays visits to the garden of the Mamûr, with its bulbuls and tinkling fountains, remind one of Pierre Loti. We sat with Diane upon her little roof-top and looked out upon the desert night, with Fatmeh singing her Eastern love-songs, and felt all the unutterable things that she thought. The book fascinated us, and we read it through from cover to cover with deep interest. The authoress has the gift of good characterisation and dialogue and contrast. The first part is laid in Cairo, and is bright and witty and quick without a moment's tedium, so that when Diane goes into the desert the reader knows her thoroughly and appreciates her opinions of the other characters—M. de Trésac, her brother, Tony and his wife. The second part is the desert, where nothing matters except to sit still and absorb the atmosphere and colour and listen to little Fatmeh, and get to know the Mamûr in his rich dress and irreproachable French and politeness, and his burning passionate heart. Then comes Cairo again, with its social round, and the return to Tony and his wife, with Diane torn between her love for the Eastern man and her Western sense of the fitness of things. At first the ending disappointed us. On thinking it over, however, we know that it is right and natural, and we congratulate Mrs., or Miss, Rachel Swete Macnamara on a very excellent book throughout.

"Judith Carrington's Romance."

After the hot sun and wind of Egypt and the strain of the last chapters, we were glad to come back to a delightful family of English children, in which Judith lives her life with her brothers and sisters in an ordinary English country place, with a father and mother such as it is a pleasure to possess. There is no definite plot in this work. It is just a simple story of the life of a family told in the first person by Judith, the third child. We hope that there are thousands of such happy families as this one, whose members have such a delightful time and get on so well with each other. There is no affectation of style, no precious writing, nothing which jars. It is just a quite charming narrative of nice people told nicely. There is nothing epoch-making, nothing that will draw a storm of letters in the daily press, and for this Mrs. Palmer is to be congratulated. Her work is straightforward, filled with humorous touches and pleasant incidents, distinctly lovable girls and very good fellows who chaff each other, play golf, give local concerts, make love, and generally carry out their duties in life in a cheerful, sunny manner which, in fiction, is all too rare. "Judith Carrington's Romance" is a book which all healthy, normal people will thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. The next woman's book we have been reading is Mrs. Molesworth's

"Story of a Year."

The year is one in the lives of a plucky wife and her equally plucky little daughter who are obliged to fend for themselves owing to the sudden and unexpected loss of the husband's fortune. The time of the novel is in the seventies, and the old-fashioned dresses are shown in the excellent illustrations of Miss Gertrude Hammond. The husband is forced to go out to the West Indies to see about the large estates which his overseer has wrecked, leaving his wife and child with hardly sufficient money to supply bread and butter. How they live in the house of a crusty, miserly old woman of great wealth who looks upon telegrams as scandalous waste of money, tipping as iniquitous, and food as a more or less sinful means of keeping soul and body together, is told with such wealth of detail that one is compelled to hurry over that part of the book by reason of its being so painful. At last the mother "strikes," and she and her child earn their living by doing fine embroidery work in the house of two dear old ladies who also have seen better days. The book is written with delightful simplicity and the characters are drawn most skilfully and sympathetically, and the ending, as all endings should be, is a happy one.

"John Winterbourne's Family."

In this story Mrs. Alice Brown works out for our greater pleasure a study of temperament, not of ordinary every-day people, but of a rather out-of-the-way set. There is John Winterbourne, humorist, scholar, a man who is only happy when leading the simple life and reading the Greek poets with whom he is on terms of intimacy. There is his friend, the poet, James Lovell, a man of hermitlike propensities, who, having come a bad smash over a woman in his earlier days, has retired from the world to read Greek with Winterbourne, and who, in order to escape the bonds of afternoon tea and chit-chat, pretends to be hopelessly afflicted with deafness. Into the middle of this solitude *à deux* there comes like a bombshell John Winterbourne's wife. She is a fluffy, brainless person, consumed with the desire to discover lights under bushels and to display them proudly upon concert platforms that the world may see and rejoice, and, incidentally, that she may gain fame as the finder thereof. With her come Celia and Bess,

her two adopted daughters, foundlings. Celia has been educated and "made a lady," and in consequence is merely a shallow, pretty thing of some acuteness but no worth. Bess, on the other hand, has not been educated. She has been a serving wench in a public-house, a washer of floors, and a sweeper of rooms. But she has a beautiful voice and an understanding of things as they are. All attempts to make her a "lady" fail ignominiously, and, like a new-caged bird, she loses her power of song when put upon a platform before the public. There are also some unique and glorious children who answer to the names of Teeny and Tiny and Tonty and Tim. Their mother, a public speaker and suffragist worker, leaves them to the tender care of an immature scullery maid, and so John Winterbourne takes them in hand and becomes, more or less, their god. How the whole course of the two men's lives is changed by the coming of John's family, and the manner in which Bess, the girl who cannot be made a lady, takes supreme command of affairs, is the ground plan of the book. The only fault we have to find—if fault it be—is the length. A certain amount of pruning would have been invaluable. As it is, one reads on and on until the fascination wears off, and one wonders whether it is ever going to finish. For all that it is an absorbing book—the characters delightfully drawn, a very fine idea excellently carried out, with a quaint humour whose like we have never yet seen in any other American novel.

Mrs. Fitz. By J. C. Snaith. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

We were uncommonly grateful to Mr. Snaith for the comedy of "Araminta," the "Goose Girl" from Slocum Magna (which is, as everybody knows, the next village to Widdiford), who "attempted to shake hands with the butler," and we again find ourselves indebted to him for a creation of a different type. Mrs. Fitzwaren is the daughter of the King of Illyria, and, as she has married an Englishman and settled down among county families, the mystery of her birth—which is a dead secret, for diplomatic reasons—is solved by the matrons of Middleshire greatly to their own satisfaction. She has been, of course, a circus-rider. Hence certain complications occur which Mr. Snaith knows excellently well how to make very diverting. But these are nothing compared with the difficulties which beset the modest hero, Odo Arbuthnot, M.P., who tells the story in the first person. By Nevil Fitzwaren's entreaties this "married man, father of a family, and county member," is persuaded to join with several other equally surprised people in the rescue of the incomparable Mrs. Fitz, who has been abducted by the minions of the Illyrian monarch. We need not enter into the whole plot in these columns, but we can assure our readers that its development is exciting, at times tragic, and frequently humorous. If once or twice, especially in the last portion of the book, we are reminded of the "Prisoner of Zenda," there is no blame attaching to the author, for he has his original methods of presenting the episodes of chase and capture; and if, again, at times he seems to skirt rather closely the borders of probability, he may be forgiven for the sake of the delightful atmosphere of comedy which pervades at least half the story.

We are tempted to ask Mr. Snaith to write a tale about children, some day when the world of grown-ups palls upon him, for there are hints in this volume that he would do it very well indeed. The introduction of the big Alexander O'Mulligan, "amateur middle-weight champion of Great Britain," to tiny "Miss Lucinda," is quite charming:—

> Like every paladin of the great breed, Alexander O'Mulligan was as gentle as he was brave. He had hardly set foot in Dympsfield House, which he did somewhere about tea-time on the day of his arrival in our parish, before he captured the heart of Miss Lucinda. He straightway assumed the rôle of a bear with the most realistic and thrilling completeness. Not only was his growl like distant thunder in the mountains, but he also had the faculty of rolling his eyes in a savage frenzy, and over and above everything else, a tendency to bite your legs upon little or no provocation. It was not until he had promised to marry her that she could be induced to part with him.

Much of the dialogue of the novel is very pretty fooling; Mr. Snaith's conversations are always good. Whether he is not more successful in a purely English novel, such as "Araminta," is perhaps a matter of opinion; we think that on the whole he was more at his ease in that most entertaining book. However that may be, his readers will find no need for complaint in the account of the adventures of "Mrs. Fitz" and her band of enthusiastic admirers, and the writing is so good that he would be a captious critic who ventured to point out a fault.

Bracken. By John Trevena. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

Mr. Trevena belongs to the rather numerous tribe of novel-writers who are natives of, or have settled in, the West Country, more especially Cornwall and Devon, and have extracted from its atmosphere a kind of mystical inspiration. Unless the sentiment of mysticism is genuinely native it is one of the most difficult of modes of expression. The objective view is continually liable to get the better of the purely subjective and emotional. Besides which there is ever present the danger of boring the reader. Allegory in all its forms, unless handled by a master, is terribly apt to be wearisome. No one who is a reader of the average type can be expected to be always on the *qui vive* for hidden meanings; it is a task as irritating as that of trying to unravel some of the obscurities of the Second Part of "Faust," or of Dante, or of "The Faerie Queene." Maeterlinck is another excellent instance of the mental irritation often produced by that which is simply allusive and not over-clearly expressed. Yet never was there a master of beautiful prose more completely steeped in the essence of mysticism. Human nature, in fact, craves for the most unmistakable utterances delivered in the most unmistakable language. Mr. Trevena, in spite of his considerable talent, cannot yet be said to have arrived at a complete mastery of the art-form he has chosen for himself. That, however, he will achieve it cannot be doubted by those who have read his previous works, and who can see in the present volume a distinct advance upon them all. It is a strange, sometimes wonderful, book, in which the great issues of life and death, success and failure, sensuality and eccentricity, love and hate, madness and sane sense, are presented to the reader's mind in a half-dream or half-nightmare, whichever one may term it. There is something uncanny, soul-shaking about it. Brilliance of word and phrase abounds. There are ideas and thought enough in the book to furnish forth many ordinary novels. But sometimes the critic has wished to get to solid earth, away from the dream-children, with their odd sayings and deeds. Certainly the impression made is powerful; but has it any finally strengthening and nourishing quality? That is the point. And we turn away wondering and admiring, but doubtful of benefit.

Angela. By St. John Trevor. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Gerald Forsyth is a hero of the Ouida pattern; he has "beautiful teeth, and auburn locks which might advertise a hair-wash," according to a friend, who draws up a list of his attractions. But he is a cynic, and thinks he will never "develop uxorial rabies." However, when staying in a quiet part of Switzerland he meets a child of Nature—"a spotless, innocent flower." Eden itself could have produced nothing purer. She has bare feet and golden hair, and "simple flowing garments which hang down without flounce or trimming of any description from neck to ankle." He hastily marries the young woman, but is obliged to leave Switzerland on business. When in

London he sees in an album a coloured photograph which he takes to be his "Angela." But the photograph lacks the simple dress, the ingenuous frankness of the real Angela, and suggests a very mundane person. He at once jumps to the conclusion that Angela is a fraud, and her charm "nothing more than an artificial bloom painted upon a rotting fruit." "Dupe! Dupe!" he cried fiercely. "Duped and ruined in a day." But all comes right in the end. Angela is discovered *not* to be the original of the mundane photograph, and the last page sends them on their delayed honeymoon. The book has little to recommend it, and its style can be gathered from the extracts we have given.

A Dreamer's Tales. By Lord Dunsany. (George Allen and Sons. 6s.)

The stories that Lord Dunsany has gathered together in this volume can, indeed, lay claim to all the rarer qualities of dreams. They take us into strange countries and curious cities where the folk have new words on their lips and old, unfamiliar gods in their hearts. They are full of strange scents and sounds and colours, and, as in dreams, fear is always close at hand. But even in dreams, where it has been charitably supposed we are all imaginative, it is granted to few men to attain to so fertile a country as that from which these stories, it would seem, have been brought. They are good stories; and the proof of this is that we ourselves have been able by their aid to reach that mysterious, that most delectable of lands. We, too, have heard the music of the throbbing tambang, the clinking kalipac, and the melodious zootibar. We, too, have smoked the fragrant tollub and drunk the foaming syrabub from cups of gold. It is something to have done this, as our readers may readily prove for themselves.

The best of the stories is perhaps that most desolate tale of the man whose soul was imprisoned in his body, fated to rot for centuries in the terrible mind; or "The Hashish Man," wherein Fear is rampant; or "Poor Old Bill," wherein she lurks with laughing lips. But we have no fault to find with any of them, and nothing but admiration for the manner in which they are told. Mr. S. H. Sime's illustrations are wonderful.

The Immortal Charlatan. By Robert Elliot. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

We wish that Mr. Robert Elliot had been more explicit when he called his novel on the title-page a "practical romance"; for long before we had reached the end of it, and it is perhaps twice the length of an average novel, we were searching our mind for fit terms in which to describe this extraordinary work. It is at once so subtle and so crude, so melodramatic and so intimately true to life, that we were forced to wonder again and again that the man who had risen to such heights of accomplishment on one page should sound such depths of error on the next. Yet the explanation of these contradictions is, we think, simple.

It would seem that the author has the rare faculty of knowing life only from the inside; that is, only as reflected through his own temperament. Being, we do not hesitate to infer, introspective and little given to action or conversation, he cannot make his characters talk or act; anything more unreal than the dialogue in this book we have never read, and the action belongs to the crudest and most outworn melodrama. But when he falls to making his characters think or feel, his knowledge of life is really startling, and it is the form and never the matter of their speech that makes us pause. With the reservations made above, we have nothing but unstinted praise for the book as a whole. It is undeniably original—we are unable to name any author from whom Mr. Elliot derives; it is interesting, and its characterisation is so fresh that we pay the author the compliment of suspecting that his characters are drawn from life. In his heroine he has created a woman who, possessing all the moral virtues, never fails to charm us and never ceases to be passionately alive. The Pecksniffian poet who gives the book its name is not always so convincing, but the acid portrait of a provincial editor is quite admirable, and most of the minor characters are probable and carefully drawn. Altogether this is a strange and fascinating book, and one of quite unusual promise, of very considerable achievement. But we entreat Mr. Robert Elliot to learn how people talk.

The Land of His Fathers. By A. J. Dawson. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

The only serious objection we have to this cleverly written book is that most of the characters fail to persuade us of their reality. We fear that such a failing is almost inevitable when an author sets out to compose a novel upon social questions. Engrossed with his purpose, he is liable to lose power in the delineation of his men and women; he can hardly specialise in two things at once. Harry Ayres, the hero, finds himself a millionaire by the death of his nearest relatives, and comes from Canada to London. For a while he leads the idle, vacant existence of a man-about-town; then, rather suddenly, he becomes a fiery enthusiast in the cause of social reform. He rebuilds a notorious lodging-house in Notting Dale, known as the "Farm," fits it up beautifully, and devotes his whole time to this burning question of London's poverty and misery. He succeeds in making several other people devote their time to it also, but most of them are uninteresting. He alone is quite alive, real, convincing. Margaret Bartholomew, to whom he proposes, and by whom he is rejected, is so self-effacing and meek that we cannot imagine any man so spirited and breezy as was Ayres being fascinated by her. Later on he is made happy—at least we sincerely hope so, for his choice falls on rather a peculiar girl—by a transference of his affections.

Parlett, the jovial journalist, is another finely drawn character, and we should have liked to see and hear more of him. He is sketched capitally in a few well-chosen words, while with curious inconsistency Mr. Dawson has spent pages on other persons who are far more essential to the progress of his story with much less success. The events gradually lead up to the formation of a "Citizens' League," but there is too much speechifying between the various persons concerned for the reader's interest to be strongly held. The style of the writing is good, but Mr. Dawson should avoid the occasional worn phrase, such as "Captain Fothersby tugged unmercifully at his moustache." People really do not do these things, except in novels.

THE MASTER PRENTICE HAND

Whoso would add another stone to the cairn of Shakespearean research must needs approach his task in fear and trembling. The Master in his time has played many parts. He has run through the gamut of every trade and profession under the sun. Some wiseacre has recently discovered that Shakespeare was an epileptic. He has survived the age of musical glasses. He will survive the age of pantomime.

"Love's Labour's Lost" is in some respects a play of peculiar interest. Its immaturity is its most valued quality. If we could only unravel the *cause* of that crudity, we should gain a fresh clue to the man, Shakespeare.

This play's immaturity may be due either to the fact that it is the work of a prentice hand, that Shakespeare, when he wrote it, was balancing the weapon of his wit, before striking home, or, alternatively, that he touched up and trimmed some older work. The very exuberance of the writing is convincing proof that the first explanation is the correct one. Coleridge's critical acumen fastened upon the perturbation and ebullition of youth as the cause of the immaturity of the play. Oceans and land areas were slowly being revealed, as the mists and vapour of a newly-created world of fancy rolled away. The colours are laid on crudely, vigorously. The play is evidently the work of a young mind, overflowing with humour, delight-

ing in practical joking and its counterpart, the punned quip. That was the favoured vehicle of the humour of the mid-Elizabethan, as also of the mid-Victorian, era. The sharp fourth form boy of forty years ago thought a pun good fun.

We know certainly that the play "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare" was acted before Queen Elizabeth during the Christmas season of 1597. From internal evidence, the authorities have come to the conclusion that the date of the first draft belonged to the interval between the years 1589 and 1591. Shakespeare was then 25 or 26 years old. If any one could hap upon that first draft, it would be indeed a literary find. Shakespeare was perhaps passing through the fledgeling stage. He had reached the fringe of the Court through its pageantry. He probably acted before the Queen in that early representation of the play. It is futile to conjecture which part he may have chosen to act. Suffice it that, at the age of 33, the work, as a playwright, of this epileptic country bumpkin, who had it in his mind to get the Lord Chancellor of England to write his future plays for him—according to our modern critics—nevertheless received the honour of a royal command.

True Art, in its literary form, holds the mirror up to Nature. The preaching of Nature is of the silent order. She reveals a sequence in the affairs of men, against which appeal is in vain, rhetoric is idle. In his mature art, Shakespeare's conceptions are inevitable as Nemesis. The good man borne down by fate, apparently crushed by evil forces, nevertheless has a recompense, beyond the timid voices and shallow judgments of his peers. All powers of Heaven and Hell adjust their final issues by a law divine. The woman is ever the redeemer of the man, if redemption comes to him at all, for love is the fulfilment of all things. This, we may take it, was the Master's ultimate creed, his final outlook on the human tragedy.

But in this boy-drama of his, Shakespeare's art is that of a mime and a mimic. He does not face the dark problems of life. As yet they do not exist in his philosophy. He is busy making fun of the village parson and the master of his grammar school. No doubt Shakespeare was a turbulent young dog, full of frolic fancy, pouring huge contempt on his sober-gowned, staid elders. He was the heart and soul of any laughter-making practical joke or rough jest. "Do you think I meant country matters?" says Hamlet to Ophelia. Shakespeare, the young man arrived at Court from the country, was alive in every nerve, full of rollicking humour, and his rattling, busy tongue did not pause to pick its words. Thus we have Don Adriano de Armado, the fantastical Spanish ape, mouthing his yard-long sentences; Sir Nathaniel, the curate, bringing to the light moth-eaten saw which once shewed scholarship; Holofernes, "a schoolmaster," the interminable splitter of word-straws. It is highly probable that Shakespeare ought to have said "the schoolmaster," and that his model was the ferrule-wielding, brain-racking catechist of Stratford town. Shakespeare was one who was wont to have his revenge in full measure, a great lover, a great scorner he. Personal hate was probably alien to his temperament. It is a vice of petty minds. Costard is but a phantom of Shakespeare's more mature clowns. Much of the plot of "Love's Labour's Lost" is clumsily contrived. Armado is a mere frivolling fop, Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes are honest duffers. They are covered with blue mould. The humour of the situation is that, in spite of their ridiculous parade of learning, they fancy themselves scholars and thinkers. They have not the gift of seeing themselves as others see them. "O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!" says Holofernes to Dull, the constable. "Sir," replies the curate, "he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were: he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal."

The plot of the play, to modern ideas, is purely farcical. A mythical king, King Ferdinand of Navarre, seeks to bind himself and his three personal lords to forswear the society of women for three years. All the lords take the required oath, two of them sententiously, Biron in jesting mood. No woman is to be permitted to approach within a mile of the court, under penalty of losing her tongue. Biron points out that the French king's daughter, heading an embassage, is even then on her way. It is decided that she must be made an exceptional case. The best-laid plans of the royal contriver are, of course, destined to shipwreck on the rocks of that exceptional case.

In Shakespeare's day this plot would have been regarded as sound drama, not mere farce. Elizabeth held a tight hand over the matrimonial plans of her courtiers. Men's inclinations had to curtsy to great kings. The fantastic vows of the Courts of Love were still sober history. The feudal relationship between sovereign and people yet persisted. Court edicts, which nowadays would be regarded as wildly impossible, were then matter of fact and unchallengeable.

The dialogue of the play is the outcome of the social conditions of the day. When the parson's saw lasted two hours or more and everyone was compelled by law to listen to it, men learnt the art of verbal chop-logic to perfection. The English language too, was at that period at its prime, the most perfect and precise instrument of expression. Classical lore was supreme. The Queen and many of her nobles spoke Latin fluently. Rhetoric was carried to a fine art.

Coleridge surmises that Shakespeare, who had dedicated his earliest poetical effort, "Venus and Adonis," to the Earl of Southampton, had, under the patronage of that lord, access to the MS. of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and largely based the framework of the language of his first play on Sidney's model. When the Armada was defeated, Shakespeare was twenty-four years old, and for several years after that time there must have been many of the Spanish nobles, who had been taken prisoners and who hung about the Court of Elizabeth, waiting for royal authority to return to Spain. Shakespeare was thus playing to the gallery in his representation of Armado, a comic character of which the aroma has nowadays largely evaporated. "I do affect," he says, "the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. . . . Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio." His little page boy, Moth, is a foil to the "magnifical" Spaniard and a sharp little human gnat at that, but the dialogue between the two, to our modern ears, as it were grates on its hinges.

The true representation of this play nowadays is alfresco, provided the actors have sufficient volume of voice to make themselves audible. On the leafy knolls of the garden in Regent's Park, under a warm June sun, the play runs merrily enough, save for the fact that much, especially of the sharp chatter of the female characters, is apt not to reach the ears of the auditors. The French Princess and her court ladies and Boyet play a game of make-believe and dance a feigned measure *vis-à-vis* with the king and lords of Navarre. Biron and Rosalind are shadows of things to come. They are the precursors of Benedick and Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing." There is a perpetual shower of jest and pun, to the foolish accompaniment of the masque. Shakespeare's wit and exuberant fancy run riot. It is exactly the kind of piece which must have hit the passing humour of the Court of Elizabeth. The great enemy was beaten, the national danger of invasion had rolled away, and the mood of the moment was that of a troop of school children broke loose, carolling gaily, as they frolic in the summer woods.

Biron's long speech at the end of Act 4 contains the following lines:—

> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
> They sparkle still to light Promethean fire;
> They are the books, the arts, the academes,
> That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

In the earlier part of the same speech, the first three of these lines are repeated almost verbatim. We surely here have a contemporary hint of how the great plays were put together. We may surmise that scattered lines were written on the inspiration of the moment, as Tennyson was wont to write his. These were ultimately woven into the play then on the stocks. In this particular case practically the same lines were twice copied from Shakespeare's note books and have so remained in the folios, undeleted.

It is pretty obvious that much of the gag, which flies about during the Pageant of the Nine Worthies, must have been scattered, like the petals of the apple bloom on the breeze of a May day. Let us but fancy a party of young country actors, gathered together to run through a bit of comic business. Witty repartee and light-hearted jests would flutter around. The best of them would doubtless get into the stage book.

In the last act of some of Shakespeare's later comedies the characters pair off in a casual fashion. Matrimonial vows are pronounced trippingly upon the tongue, in a manner rather to suggest opera bouffe to the modern playgoer. It is worthy of note that, in this, his first essay, Shakespeare, in spite of the atmosphere of youthful badinage and merriment in which he wrote, brings in the deeper note. Before she will accept the King's offer of his hand, the Princess replies that such offer is too sudden "to make a world-without-end bargain in." In the same serious vein, Rosalind bids the volatile Biron,

> "To win me, if you please,
> Without the which I am not to be won,
> You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
> Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
> With groaning wretches."

The play appropriately ends with the magical cuckoo song, "When daisies pied." Surely this one little fragment of blue sky, woven into melody, is sufficient to pour contempt on the solemn Baconian lunacy.

MUSIC

THAT was a wise Prince of Bavaria (Mark Twain has described him) who liked to be alone when hearing an opera. He, at any rate, could not have suffered as the writer did at "Don Giovanni" last week, when a neighbour, not content with audible mutterings of his pleasure, persisted in beating time *out of time* with his foot. Miss Jenkyns, as we know, did the same thing at Cranford, when Miss Jessie was favouring the company with "Jock o' Hazeldean." But she did it from a kindly motive, whereas the Covent Garden fiend did it to please himself. No looks of anguish (and many were turned upon him) softened his heart; he would have endured the glance of Medusa, or Lady Blanche Fitzague herself, and he marred the effect of Mozart's music, just as the Canons of St. Peter's used to mar that of Allegri's "Miserere" by taking snuff, in minor thirds, during its performance.

Had one been alone at "Don Giovanni," and had one been told beforehand that Mr. Beecham's object in giving it was simply to show that artists existed in England who would some day be able to perform it quite respectably if they were thoroughly taught and rehearsed with, one would have spent a pleasant evening. It was good to hear the band playing with so brisk a brightness; it was good to mark the intense eagerness of the singers to do their best; it was good to feel that in Mr. Beecham we have a conductor who believes in Mozart. But, though the performance was spirited enough in a way, it was very rough-edged, almost amateurish, indeed. We were informed that almost all the singers were playing in "Don Giovanni" for the first time. If this was the case, then they are to be praised, even greatly to be praised. Still, it was a hazardous enterprise to give so tentative a performance of the most difficult opera in the repertoire, and we are not concerned to defend its wisdom. Personally, we would rather see a beautiful woman ill-dressed than not see her at all, and we would rather hear "Don Giovanni" faultily given than not hear it at all. But the pity of it is that there was material at Covent Garden for an adequate, if not a perfect, performance, had there been more thorough preparation. The singers, even some of the more experienced, were too often at variance with the orchestra. Miss Gleeson-White's voice is not equal to the music of Donna Anna, but her sense of the way in which the music should be sung is far better than that of many more famous artists who have sung the part. Last year the writer was privileged to examine the autograph score of "Don Giovanni" at the Paris Conservatoire, and he noted various passages where Mozart's phrasing is different from that adopted by many modern singers. Miss Gleeson-White sang in accordance with the manuscript. But Miss Perceval Allen, the Donna Elvira, has a much heavier voice than Miss Gleeson-White, and this spoiled the efforts of both ladies, for the weak Elvira should not have so commanding a voice as the strong, stern Donna Anna. Miss Allen, too, used her voice without any reserve. Miss Ruth Vincent was not a very simple Zerlina, but she sang (especially in the difficult "Giovanette") very well. The Ottavio, Mr. Hyde, sang more as if he wished to convey the impression that he was a truly Italian tenor than that he loved Donna Anna, and his music suffered in consequence. Mr. Murray Davey, as Leporello, sang very well indeed, and did not "clown" the part, and Signor de Luca, quite a good Giovanni, showed no surprise at the odd Italian accent of most of his colleagues. Mr. Beecham, like young violinists in the Finale of Mendelssohn's Concerto, loves to show how fast he and his men can play, but frequently he got effects which made one smile.

Of "Le Nozze di Figaro" we had on Saturday a performance which was, on the whole, better than that of "Don Giovanni." There was the same wealth of good intentions on the part of the singers, there were not, perhaps, so many mistakes, and the players were suited to the characters. But too often it seemed as if they were not sure what they ought to say or do. Still, the band was delightful, the audience was pleased, the performers were "called," and "Voi che sapete" was actually encored! How far the music and how far the very fully emphasised humours of the piece accounted for the applause, we will not inquire. It was a Saturday night, when people are out for pleasure, not for criticism. Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro" is not played at the Comédie Française as if it were a farce, nor is Mozart's opera so played when the artists remember that there is a grand style in comedy as well as in tragedy. Among the characters of the piece there are ladies and gentlemen, as well as servants, and the humours of the servants' hall let loose can be carried too far. However, good humour and good spirits atone for much in this world, and anything is better than that "Figaro" should be played primly, as it might be if artists not to the manner born attempted a finer style. There are different kinds of vivacity. Elizabeth Bennett had one kind, Mrs. Elton had another. So does the vivacity of Mme. la Palme, as Susanna, differ from that of Mme. Sembrich. But Saturday's Susanna was certainly very merry, and her bright voice told excellently in the great *ensembles*. Miss Amsden sang well, doing "Dove sono" better than "Porgi amor." Report does not exaggerate the effect of Miss Teyte's Cherubino. She looks the dearest little page imaginable, and the quotation of Meredith's "dainty rogue in porcelain" is, of course, inevitable. Her voice is small for Covent Garden, but then she is too good an artist to try and make it sound bigger than it is, and her "Voi che sapete" was charmingly simple, and narrowly missed being very good indeed. But, oh! what a ponderous Almaviva was Mr. Whitehill! Stick to your Wotan, Mr. Whitehill, we pray. We will use the word "mercurial" (in its commonly accepted sense) to describe the Figaro of clever, lively Mr. Lewys James, and wish that he had more voice and style for "Non piu audrai." The other members of

the cast followed the lead of the waiting gentlewoman and "own man" in their "vivacity," so that it was all very bustling and proper for a Saturday night. Let prayers for the prosperity of Mr. Beecham, and specially that he may be unsparing in his rehearsals, go up from all those whose delight in Strauss and Reger does not blind them to the merit of Mozart; also prayers for the speedy conversion of the heretics, poor things. An explanation has been offered to the writer of the attitude of those among our young "modernists" who affect to find Mozart and Beethoven so stupid. Strauss and Debussy are their gods. Now they are told that those two composers "adore" Mozart. Of course, they must assert their own independence, their precious "individuality," and they conceive that they can best do this by proclaiming a newer creed than that signed by their leaders. There may be something in the explanation, but if there is, we are sorry for it.

Among the concert-givers of the week have been the "Edith Robinson" Quartet, a company of most intelligent young ladies from musical Manchester. They gave quartets by Schumann and Mozart, and, aided by a clarinettist of remarkable gifts, Mr. H. Mortimer, they played Brahms' Quintet. That they thoroughly felt the autumnal charm of this lovely music was quite clear. This was an admirable concert of its kind, and so was the afternoon of the Classical Concert Society, when Mr. Borwick played a Mozart Sonata with M. Thibaud, a Boccherini Sonata with "Piatti-redivivus"—for so Signor Casals deserves to be called, so great a violoncellist is he—and a Beethoven Trio with them both. The playing of these three artists, so dignified and intellectual, yet so flexible and free, would be hard to beat. A new violinist, Signor Grassi, has appeared at Queen's Hall with great success. He has a particularly beautiful tone, and a fine sense of style.

A LAND OF PROMISE—I.

At a time when the British investor is driven to look abroad for a country where he can safely and profitably place his money, it is a suitable moment to point to any foreign land where the difficulties under which Britain is suffering are non-existent. It would be wrong to say that Argentine investments are unknown to every Englishman, for Argentine rails are almost as familiar in the ears of those in the City as English railways are. To-day English capital and enterprise have built up a network of railways extending to every part of the Argentine; into the furthest corners reached by the pioneer's venturesome advance. One might almost say that in some cases the railways have been the pioneers themselves, for they have turned the settler's steps to follow the iron track which enhances the value of land by its propinquity and the facilities it affords for the transport of the products to come. Again, it would be incorrect to say that commercial enterprises in the Argentine have been entirely unnoticed in this country, for some twenty years ago most of the importing and exporting houses in Buenos Ayres were British. At the present time, however, but few remain in British hands. By a process of almost painless extinction the trade of the Argentine, as is the case with many trades in different parts of the world, has been gently removed from our hands by our German cousins, and the profits which once were ours have been as quietly placed in their pockets. But though Argentina is by no means unknown to the commercial world, to the ordinary Englishman the mention of South America at once suggests the word "revolution," and he dismisses from his mind this whole vast continent with all its great possibilities as unsound for investments.

It is, nevertheless, of Argentina as a country for investment that the writer of this article would deal, having lately spent a year of interesting travel through its provinces and in short residences in Buenos Ayres. That revolutions take place in the republics of South America no one will deny, but Argentines now claim for their country a more secure Government, and they maintain that they have outlived the season of revolution, and have attained the firmness and stability of rule that encourages and does not endanger the influx of foreign capital. It is reassuring to find that English investments to-day total some 400 millions sterling—380 millions in railway investments alone—and German investments do not fall far short of that sum. This alone should be a guarantee against a revolution which would upset the tenure of land or depreciate the value of other securities.

In Argentina, though the company promoter from time to time despoils the unwary with visions of apocryphal gold, the question of mineral wealth is not seriously considered. What precious minerals or precious stones exist are shut up in the heart of that vast range of mountains, the Andes, probably to remain there unknown and unlooked for for many a year to come. But the agricultural wealth is immense; millions and millions of acres of flat, fertile country extend from the Andes on the west to the sea on the east, from the borders of Patagonia in the south, merging in the north into the half-discovered province of the great Chaco and the mountainous districts of the province of Juyjuy and the republic of Bolivia. Rivers are not numerous in these vast plains, but water is found almost everywhere not more than 6ft. below the surface of the ground, and while the farmer waters his cattle by means of a windmill and drinking troughs, the grower of cereals depends upon the rain from heaven to fertilise his crops and freshen his alfalfa. There are droughts in the Argentine, but it is doubtful, so large is the country, whether the drought is ever universal. On the whole the average rainfall is a good one, that in the province of Buenos Ayres being from 30 to 35 inches annually. In addition to this good rainfall, the resident in Argentina can tell of an excellent climate, though the great length of the country from north to south makes it very variable. In the provinces bordering Patagonia you will find the climate dry, windy, and very cold, which, combined with a poor soil, allows of the rearing of sheep only. These do well, and are exported in large numbers. Further north, taking a broad stretch from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, the climate is almost perfect, and in that district lies the great wealth of the country, the cattle-rearing, the horse-breeding, and the cultivation of all cereals. Up to the very borders of the Great Chaco, this ideal climate and general fertility continue, but there you enter upon the unknown, and in examining the possibilities of the country, the Great Chaco and its neighbouring province of Juyjuy can hardly be taken into account, though the explorer and the pioneer are already there, and land is being rapidly taken up and speculated in.

The land being ready for cultivation, how can it best be developed? Alfalfa, which we know as lucerne, fattens the cattle which nowadays feed so large a proportion of our population at home; and maize, linseed, and wheat are formidable competitors in the other foreign markets for the English cereal trade. The profits that can be made by the growing of alfalfa are very large, for the alfalfa when sown will produce excellent crops for fifteen years without any renewal.

The breeding and fattening of cattle are the special industries of the farmer. Any English breeder of Shorthorns or Herefords could tell you of the large importation of both these strains into the country, and of the satisfactory prices paid. Breeding takes place on a large scale, and it is no uncommon thing for a landowner to have in his paddocks as many as 5,000 breeding cows and twice as many beasts fattening for sale and exportation. The average price for a good beast, paid by the freezing houses, is 100 pesos—i.e., £9 roughly speaking—which yields a good profit when we consider that the average price of lean cattle is from 30 to 50 pesos, and that the process of fattening does not extend to more than a year.

Horses and ponies are bred largely on the rough grass lands, and we can remember how useful they were in the South African war. We hope, however, those sent to South Africa will not be taken as a sample of their best,

for the ponies sent over were extremely bad, and the profits made by the contractors correspondingly large. In regard to thoroughbred stock, as with bulls, the same process of buying the best European stallions goes on to improve the respective breeds, but until the Argentines realise that it is of equal importance to buy the best bred mares, their thoroughbred stock will not compare with that produced in Europe or the United States.

The scarcity of population in the farm districts undoubtedly lessens the output of cereals, and you will rarely find the estanciero going in largely for this branch of agriculture. He can grow, but he cannot reap. Maize and wheat are raised in considerable quantities, but they are grown by the colonist. The colonist is distinct from the estanciero, he cultivates a much smaller plot of ground. He is by nationality generally an Italian, fully alive to the advantages of a large family, who supply the necessary labour. He reaps his wheat and gathers his maize without finding it necessary to call in outside help, which would be difficult to obtain, and very costly if he could get it. Where such outside labour is necessary it is, as a rule, supplied from Italy, and every year before harvest time shiploads of harvesters arrive, brought to Buenos Ayres for an infinitesimal sum, sent to the seat of their operations by special rates on the railways, and earning after a full day's work the substantial sum of about £1 per day. For his £1 the Italian works like the proverbial nigger, and the signal to cease work often sounds, with startling clearness, long after the short twilight has given way to the black pall of night. He will work at this pressure for about a month, and will then return to his dear land of Italy with from £20 to £25 in his pocket, a wealthy man, to bask in the sunshine, to drink the red wine of his country, to quarrel with his neighbour, and await another harvest. This will be, it is hoped, only a temporary remedy for the want of population, for the greater development of all the resources of this astonishing country will never take place until one can count the population in many millions. At present the total population is under six millions, 1½ millions being in Buenos Ayres itself. When one compares this with the population of Australia (4,100,000) one finds that, taking the population in 1870 to have been about the same in the two countries, the rate of increase has been considerably more rapid in Argentina than in Australia—an interesting fact not quite accounted for by the natural advantages of the former.

The test of statistics is never altogether satisfactory and frequently controversial, but an excellent criterion is surely to be found, in calculating the wealth of the country, by the cost of obtaining money to develop the land. If after a large rate of interest has been paid the borrower can yet make a good surplus on his undertaking, the condition of that country cannot be far from satisfactory. The uniform rate of interest in Argentina is from 8 to 10 per cent. A year or two ago it was even more, but to-day men are found willing to pay this considerable interest and yet are making a substantial profit themselves after deducting the 8 or 10 per cent. This alone must speak to the prosperity and all the other advantages which are claimed for this coming country.

"BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

In spite of Mr. Shaw's eulogy in the introduction to "Major Barbara," the works of Samuel Butler have still to receive that attention they deserve. We can scarcely imagine a Booklover worthy the name that does not hold in affectionate memory such books as his posthumous novel, "The Way of All Flesh," or those two subtle and cutting satires "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited." To call Butler a refreshing genius would perhaps be to err. Refreshing he certainly was—though refreshing as a plunge in a frosty stream is refreshing, stripping much of sentimental nonsense out of one. But Butler's own philosophy obviates the use of the word genius. Yet if it be genius to see circumstance from a totally new standpoint; to throw new sharp crosslights that call into quick question much that custom in its lethargic way stoutly adheres to: if this be genius, then Butler was unquestionably a genius. He wrote, of course, much more than merely the three books already named. Indeed, his works wind out to a sufficiently lengthy list. But it is by the three named that he stands or falls; for they are not only far and away his best, but they comprise all his genuinely creative work. They are books properly so called; books as the Booklover knows the word. His other works are more or less journeyman literature—uncreative, transient. Nevertheless, they all enshrine his particular philosophy. Carlyle, with colour and eloquence, aided by uncommon sagacity, waged mighty war on the world of humbug. Butler laughs at it. Sometimes his laughter comes near to being a withering scorn; but generally it is free of those bitter elements that bring him down to the measure of the things he mocks at. Generally he is above them, and his laughter is broad and free, sly at times, if you will, exquisitely subtle and too remote for mere mirth at others, but perishing and deadly always. His was a surer way of exposing shams than was Carlyle's; withal, it was more cruel. Yet even Butler, despite his subtle and keen weapon, was not always able to pierce between things that differ. In other words, he was wont sometimes to make mirth of things that were far from shams. Carlyle's method, however, of general denunciation left him clear of so particular a charge.

To the methods of satire all pretensions are lawful prey. Nor is it always possible to distinguish between pretensions that are justified and pretensions that are unjustified. Hence satire is apt to upcall some indignation that is meet and just, and the proper objects of its criticism know well how to escape in the confusion so caused. So it is with Butler. Preternatural and supernatural are all of a piece to him too frequently; though often he flashes out a thought, such as his insistence of the wisdom of instinct as against mere reason, that lets us know he is not blind to the differences of the things he satirises. This confusion in Butler becomes confusion twice-confused in his disciple Mr. Shaw—for Mr. Shaw has avowed himself as in some measure a disciple. The high and mighty pretensions of the would-be romantic lover is anathema to Butler, but he does not ruthlessly sweep away all romance in love as does Mr. Shaw. In contradistinction to Mr. Shaw's attitude of impatient exclusion, Butler hangs aloof in wide tolerance, waiting to see the slightest display of unreality and pose; and then, but only then, out comes his laughter, playing above his subjects like summer lightning. He may perhaps mistake reality for unreality, sincerity for humbug. He sometimes does, but at least his intention is to divide between false and true. At his best Butler is inimitable. Not so cutting nor so broad, in the worst sense, as Swift, he has more sap and kindliness in him. He is even more original, and therefore more creative, than Swift, though he has by no means the brilliance of Swift. Who, in that great book "The Way of All Flesh," has not been struck by his handling of the relationship between Ernest Pontifex and his father? Ernest was his father's son. It was the irony of nature, for this was the sole perfunctory tie between them. There was no kinship between them; and neither could, by any conceivable force, have managed to love the other. Therefore, Butler refuses to recognise any tie or any obligation existing between them. How perfectly refreshing and free of all cant this is! Ernest himself did not see this at first, and until he did see it he and his father continued to cause each other untold misery. He was rather more his mother's son, and Butler recognises more of obligation existing there. But only in a lesser degree; that is, only in so far as any real kinship existed.

"The Way of All Flesh" is a great book; and in its genuine portrayal of real life lies the cause of its greatness. The two Erewhons are not so mighty, but

they are even more original. To the latter of them Butler prefixes a quotation from the Iliad, which he translates thus:

"Him do I hate even as I hate Hell-fire,
Who says one thing, and hides another in his heart."

It is his purpose to smite this hypocrisy, and he does so by showing us a world of Topsy-Turveydom. In Erewhon nothing is as it is here. Moral defects are as illness with us, to be duly confessed, as a mere matter for the practitioner, who is called a Straightener. Misfortune and illness, however, are deadly crimes. In an embezzlement, for instance, he whom we call a culprit is condoled with, and puts his case into the Straightener's hands for treatment; whereas the victim is abhorred and put straight into prison as a criminal. Poverty, small-pox, and phthisis were enormous crimes against the community, and were to be punished by terms of severe imprisonment or by death. The Erewhonians had no religion. They gave perfunctory attendance to Musical Banks, however; the coinage of which was absolutely valueless, though, of course, much displayed. The cashiers of these were "sinister-looking persons in black gowns"! Their injunctions were paid great heed to while the devotees (chiefly women, for the men seldom attended, though they were careful to join) were at the Banks. When they left, however, they followed the wholly different and contrary cult of Idgrun—a specious anagram for Grundy.

It is all delightful, and no less salutary. He escapes, at length, from Erewhon, with Arowhena, with whom he has fallen in love, in a balloon that he has made to his specifications for experimentation. Nevertheless, he longs to return to Erewhon, for it fascinated him, and, after twenty years, on the death of Arowhena, he does so. Now, however, to his horror, he finds himself worshipped by the whole country as the Sunchild! The Musical Banks and Universities have taken him up. His balloon is transformed into a flaming chariot, and four storks that were very inquisitive over his ascent have become four black and white horses sent by his father, the Sun, to escort him back thither! Temples are erected to him everywhere, his manner of clothing adopted, and the two men that give themselves over to the exposition of his "Sayings," most of which he fails to recognise, are Professors Hanky and Panky! In "Erewhon Revisited" there is at times a sadness most impressive that appears nowhere else in Butler's work. It is not so great as its predecessor, but it is warmer. The two of them, with "The Way of All Flesh," have yet to bring Samuel Butler into his own. But they will do so, nevertheless, for Butler's name belongs to English literature.

OUR LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There is little genuine improvement to be noted on the Stock Exchange since my last letter. The "House" was closed as usual on the first of this month, and dealers showed no anxiety to force matters. Next week will be the settlement again; so, to sum up matters, I am not looking forward to any exceptional activity for the next few days, but to do any substantial good at speculation one should look well ahead rather than rely upon week to week operations. The American Market is always a live one, and if they don't rise, they generally do the other thing, which, in a way, is better than standing still, and gives the dealers something to do, and for those fond of a real gamble I always think Americans are the best to speculate in.

In regard to the new scheme proposed by the Government of Costa Rica, the terms proposed do not suggest that the bondholders are likely to fall in with it, and they have not been favourably received by the market. It is now nine years (1901) since Costa Rica made default, and no definite result has come of the repeated efforts to bring about some kind of arrangement. The trade of Costa Rica has considerably improved of late years, and the feeling is that she can well afford to offer better terms.

Now that we have the Motor Exhibition on, it calls our attention to the report of the Rover Company. Considering the poor time the company had in 1908-9, when it paid no dividend at all, the present report shows a remarkable improvement. There is now an available balance of £30,297, out of which the directors propose to pay 5 per cent., to write £7,066 off the goodwill, £10,000 off machinery, etc., and £3,000 off freehold property. After giving £500 to a Coventry hospital, they carry forward £12,132. The company is going in for the motor cycle business as a new branch.

Few industrial concerns have fluctuated so violently as the Gramophone Company. Its ups and downs have been enough to scare the life out of its shareholders, notwithstanding its speculative nature. In 1900-1 it earned £63,000, in 1902-3 it jumped to £252,000. Then in 1909 they dwindled again to £58,000; now, this year, they rise to £155,000. The dividend is again 15 per cent. The carry-forward is increased from £566,000 to £679,000, which, on the face of it, looks most excellent; but what about the reserve and depreciation account, etc.? And then most of this balance-sheet surplus is invested in the business. The report is, to my mind, far from being as good as it looks.

Although Home Rails made up well last account, the market is disappointed with the absence of business, and, as is their wont, dropped prices. More labour troubles were feared this time in the South Wales coal trade. It is an interesting fact that the Great Eastern contemplate electrifying their Enfield branch. This should be a "bull" point for Great Easterns. I think prices of Home Rails are lower than they merit as an investment, and such stocks as London and North-Western at 135 are quite cheap, North-Eastern Consols at 129½ are only a few points higher than this time last year. Great Northern Deferred are also cheap; Great Westerns are certainly worth 125.

The Mining Market was upset by the cable late last week concerning East Rands. The London office have tried to ease matters over, but holders are surely entitled to a more satisfactory statement than at present offered. The rumours related to adverse developments on the properties, which were, in a measure denied. These may, of course, have originated in a "bear" raid to obtain cheap stock.

The rubber sales on Tuesday were on the whole up to expectations. The raw material fetched 5s. 9d. for smoked sheets and 5s. 5½d. for fine sheets. The prices were a little down, but the demand was good: 300 tons were offered at auction, as against 250 on October 18. Henriquez South Rubber Estates have a cable stating they have three million feet of mahogany felled and cross-cut. In view of the large holding of David Young Rubber shares by the Rubber Exploration Company, the shares of the latter, now split to 2s. shares, are advancing at 1s. 1½d. to 1s. 4½d., equivalent to 12s. 6d. for the undivided share, and will doubtless rise to a higher level.

Bad news is to hand regarding the Cloverdale Mines, Limited. It was understood they were to amalgamate with the Geygerle and Welgedacht Companies, but this arrangement has fallen through, the result being that the directors of the Cloverdale have been forced to suspend operations. The company has overborrowed, and, finding the times not suitable for raising new capital, they had apparently no alternative but to close down.

Canadian Pacifics, the merits of which I so often called your attention to, have during the week touched their highest price on record—viz., 207. I think they will reach 225 shortly. In the Mexican group, Carmen Mines of El Oro keep good, and the latest reports to hand are most encouraging.

Oil Development Trust shares, to which I called attention last week, with its many interests, should be kept in view.

Many shareholders in English companies are wanting to be able to convert their certificates into bearer shares, which is in so much favour on the Continent. It is undoubtedly a very great convenience to many, especially those who are not too well acquainted with the methods of the London Stock Exchange. The Midland Railway are seriously considering the proposal of issuing bearer stocks to those shareholders who desire them, and they may be influenced by the fact that the Grand Trunk Railway Board have consented to meet their shareholders' wishes.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. FRANK HARRIS AND THE VIZETELLY PROSECUTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I notice that Mr. Frank Harris, in his interesting article on "The Sex Question in Modern Literature," which appeared in your last issue, states that my father, the late Henry Vizetelly, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for publishing translations of some of Emile Zola's works. The affair occurred so long ago—1889—that an error on Mr. Harris's

part is excusable. I would remind him, however, that my father's sentence was one of *three* months. Nevertheless, it amply sufficed to hasten his death, as is shown by his own unpublished narrative of his detention, which is in my possession. If a sentence of six months had been passed, there is every probability that he would not have left Holloway Gaol alive. For the rest, if Mr. Frank Harris's generous offers of service at that time had been accepted by the trustees of my father's estate, it is just possible that there might have been no sentence at all. Mr. Harris wished to defray all expenses on the condition that my father's defence should be entrusted to a gentleman who is now a distinguished member of the London police magistracy, and who was thoroughly well acquainted with all the facts of the case and the true nature of the incriminated works. Had that gentleman been retained and granted a free hand (as a matter of fact, he was secured as junior counsel only, and had to bow to his leader's views), I believe that a very different aspect would have been put on my father's case. On that account, although there was no occasion to take advantage of Mr. Harris's pecuniary offer, I have always regretted that his kind advice respecting counsel was not adopted.—Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

The Encyclopædia of Sport and Games. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. New and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated. Vol. I. A—Cricket. Wm. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

The Kiltartan Molière: The Miser. The Doctor in Spite of Himself. The Rogueries of Scapin. Translated by Lady Gregory. Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.

Japan for a Week (Britain for Ever). By A. M. Thompson. Illustrated. John Lane. 5s. net.

Great and Greater Britain: The Problems of Motherland and Empire, Political, Naval, Military, Industrial, Financial, Social. By J. Ellis Barker. Second and very greatly Enlarged Edition, completely Revised and brought up to August, 1910. Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

The Wonders of the World. Part II. Hutchinson and Co. 7d. net.

Italian Fantasies. By Israel Zangwill. With Coloured Frontispiece. Wm. Heinemann. 6s. 6d. net.

The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe. An Address delivered to the Students of the University of Edinburgh October, 1910, by the Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P., Lord Rector of the University. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.

Young Gaol-Birds. By Charles E. B. Russell, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

The Resurrection Narratives and Modern Criticism. (A *Critique* mainly of Professor Schmiedel's Article "Resurrection Narratives" in the *Encyclopædia Biblica.*) By Thomas James Thorburn, D.D., LL.D. Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.

Legends of Our Lord and the Holy Family. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. Illustrated. Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.

Symbolism of the Saints. By the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield. Illustrated. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends. By S. M. Ellis. 2 vols. Illustrated. John Lane. 32s. net.

Cecil Rhodes: His Private Life. By his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan. Illustrated. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Catalonia and the Balearic Isles: An Historical and Descriptive Account. By Albert F. Calvert. Illustrated. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

The Amours of Henri de Navarre and of Marguerite de Valois. By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.

Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe. By George Santayana, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Publication Office, The University, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

Montaigne Pamphlétaire. L'Enigme du "Contr'un." By Dr. Armaingaud. Hachette and Co., Paris and London. 3fr. 50c.

A Brotherhood of Heroes: Being Memorials of Charles, George and William Napier. Selected and Arranged by Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated by H. M. Paget. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

The Incas of Peru. By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Fighting Admirals. By John Barnett. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.

Yesterday and To-day in Canada. By the Duke of Argyll. George Allen and Sons. 6s. net.

A Princess of Strategy: The Life of Anne Louise Bénédicte de Bourbon—Condé Duchesse du Maine. Translated from the French of General de Piépape by J. Lewis May. Illustrated. John Lane, 12s. 6d. net.

JUVENILE

How they Came Home from School. By S. Rosamond Praeger. Illustrated in Colour. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Selected and Edited for Children. Illustrated by Helen Stratton. Blackie and Son. 1s.

Play-Hour Picture Stories for Little Folk. Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.

The Story of Flip and Fuzzy, A Picture-Book for Little Folk. Drawings by Augusine Macgregor. Rhymes by Jessie Pope. Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.

Blackie's Children's Annual. Stories and Verses Illustrated. Blackie and Sons. 3s. 6d.

The History of Sam the Sportsman (From an Old Chap Book). Pictured by Frank Adams. Blackie and Son. 2s.

Finn and His Warrior Band, or Tales of Old Alban. By Donald A. Mackenzie. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.

The Boys at Menhardoe, a Story of Cornish Nets and Mines. By G. Manville Fenn. New Edition. Illustrated by C. J. Staniland, R.I. Blackie and Son. 3s.

Indian and Scout, a Tale of the Gold Rush to California. By Capt. F. S. Brereton. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo. Blackie and Son. 5s.

A Middy of the Slave Squadron, a West African Story. By Harry Collingwood. Illustrated by W. Rainey, R.I. Blackie and Son. 5s.

The Great Aeroplane, a Thrilling Tale of Adventure. By Capt. F. S. Brereton. Illustrated by Edward S. Hodgson. Blackie and Son 6s.

With Rifle and Bayonet, a Tale of the Boer War. By Capt. F. S. Brereton. New Edition. Illustrated by Wal Paget. Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.

Brave Sidney Somers, or the Voyage of the "Eastern Adventurer." By F. M. Holmes. Illustrated by Victor Prout. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.

Maori and Settler, a Story of the New Zealand War. By G. A. Henty. New Edition. Illustrated by Alfred Pearse. Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.

The Two of Them Together, a Tale about Africa of To-Day. By the Rev. Arthur Shearly Cripps, M.A. Illustrated by J. R. Skelton. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Home Fun. By Cecil H. Bullivant. Illustrated. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6s. net.

FICTION

The Rogue's Heiress. By Tom Gallon. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.

St. Elmo. By Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.

Dare and Do. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.

The Infinite Capacity, the Story of a Genius. By Cosmo Hamilton. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

A Large Room. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Wm. Heinemann. 6s.

The Song of Songs ("Das Hohe Lied"). By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. John Lane. 6s.

The Green Patch. By Baroness von Hutten. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.

The Next Crusade: A Cautionary Political Story. Hutchinson and Co. 1s. net.

VERSE

Sigurd: A Poem. By Arthur Peterson. G. W. Jacobs and Co., Philadelphia.

The New Inferno. By Stephen Phillips. John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.

Wild Fruit. By Eden Phillpotts. John Lane. 5s. net.

Juana of Castile. By May Earle. Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.

Reaping the Whirlwind, and Other Poems. By G. F. Bradby. Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Sanctuary, and Other Poems. By R. G. T. Coventry. Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.

The Queen of Orplede. By Charles Wharton Stork. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

Sonnets to a Lover. By Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

Everybody's Story Magazine; The Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; The Boy's Own Paper; The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; The Manchester Quarterly; Scribner's Magazine; Cambridge University Reporter; The Child; The Bookseller; The Popular Magazine; The Cambridge University Calendar for the Year 1910-1911; The English Review; The Publishers' Circular; Blackwood's Magazine; Revue Bleue; Contemporary Review; Ulula; Le Thyrse.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

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